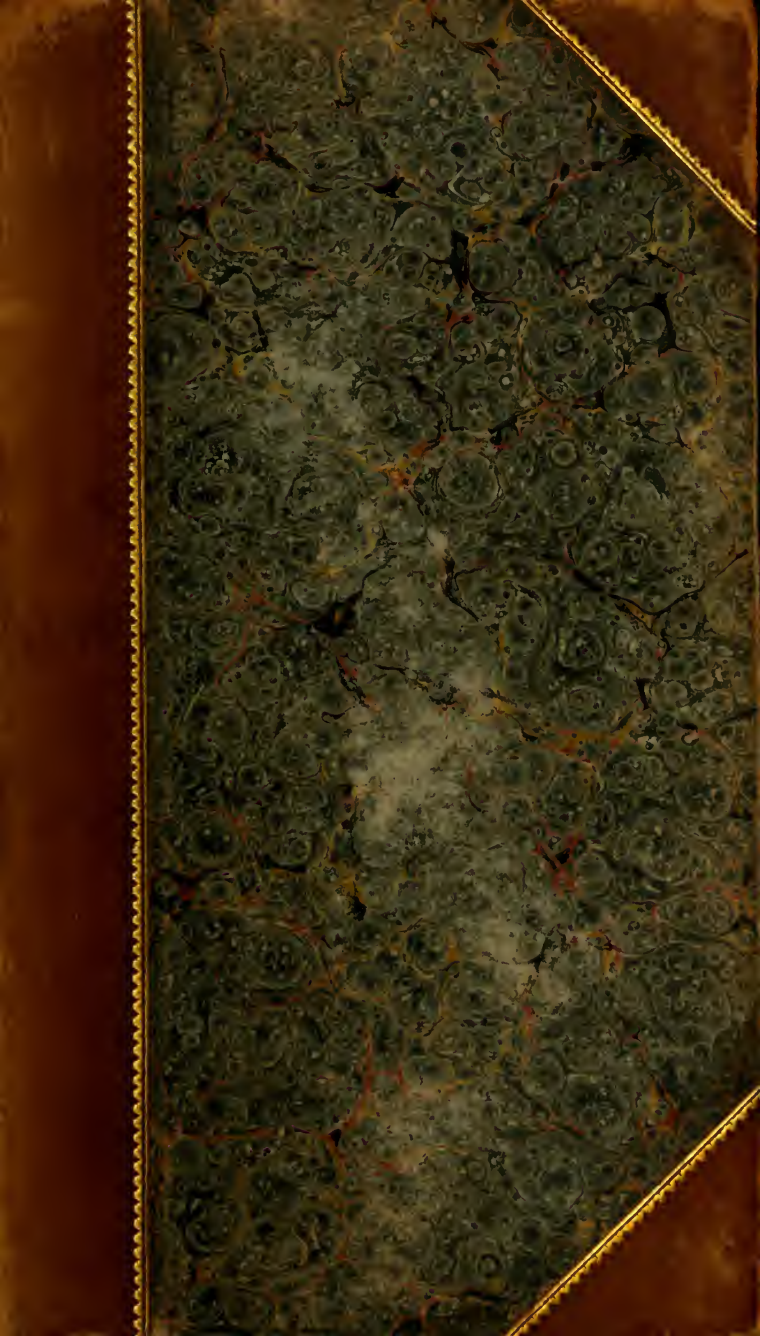






LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
B191f
v. 3

54
J. W. Moreton

THE
FOUNDLING OF GLENTHORN.



A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

179

DRIVING OF THE HORSE

179

179

THE
FOUNDLING OF GLENTHORN;

OR,
THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

A Novel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FARMER'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors:
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends. ADDISON.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1823.

823

B191f

v. 3

THE

FOUNDLING OF GLENTHORN.

CHAPTER I.

Love rules the court—the camp—the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven—and heaven is love. SCOTT.

Omnia vincit Amor.

THE death of a relative had called Mr. and Mrs. Angus from home, and Charles was left as superintendent of the operations on the farm. An unforeseen circumstance occurred, which rendered it necessary for him to ride to Shuttledale as speedily as possible. The only horse at

hand was an unbroke filly. It threatened to rain heavily. Charles flung on a great-coat, saddled, and was in the act of mounting the filly, when a vivid flash of lightning, and almost instantaneous peal of thunder, caused the animal to give a sudden start, by which Charles was thrown, and, pitching upon a stone with his head, lay, to appearance, lifeless.

The accident was observed by a maid-servant, whose sudden scream brought out Susan Tait, for all the others were at work in a field a considerable way distant. Charles continued motionless, and the girls, with much difficulty, contrived to carry him into the parlour, placing him upon a sofa, where he lay without any signs of life.

After the usual application, symptoms of returning animation appeared; but as he had not yet spoken, Susan expressed a wish for a surgeon; upon which the other girl ran to the field, to dispatch a man for that purpose, leaving Charles to the care of Susan, who was now bending over him,

bathing his brow with cold water; while tears of sensibility and tenderness gushing from her eyes, fell upon the cheek of our hero.

He had been merely stunned by the fall; and now, gradually recovering, felt the dew that pity, or some more gentle affection, shed, drop warm upon his cheek. Slowly opening his eyes, he raised them in a direction that they met those of Susan, still swimming in tears, and her slender form still bent over him, while one hand was employed in supporting his head, and the other in gently sprinkling water on his face.

She observed his recovery with delight; but, perceiving the direction of his eyes, with virgin modesty, confused, and ashamed of the sensibility which she had exhibited, she gently withdrew her hand from under his head; and while crimson blushes were suffusing themselves over her cheeks, she was gradually retreating to a more respectful distance.

The attitude in which Charles had first observed her, pearly tears swimming in her eyes, and the almost angelic sweetness displayed in her countenance, had deeply interested him, and he gazed upon her with an expression of tenderness, which deepened the blush that kindled on her cheek.

As she retreated, he bent his eyes, that he might still behold her face; but, at the same moment, raising his hand, to wipe the moisture from his brow, the glance that had been directed to Susan was intercepted in its passage, by a singed place on the sleeve of his great-coat; his eyes were rivetted to the spot, and his thoughts as suddenly directed into another channel.

Susan had not been inattentive to all this; neither was she at any loss to conjecture what was the object of his contemplations. Ashamed, and now angry with herself, she would have left the room; but prudence whispered that this would betray another weakness; and as Charles still shewed no inclination to speak, she en-

deavoured to acquire a becoming composure, and, in a gentle voice, said—"How do you feel yourself, sir?"

Charles started from his reverie, and fixing his eyes upon Susan, replied—"Oh, I thank you, I feel almost quite well; but I suppose I have been ill?"

"Yes, Mr. Melville—the fall, I find, had stunned you—but I—and all your friends, will rejoice that nothing worse has happened."

"I presume it is to your skill, and kind efforts, that I am indebted for my recovery?"

"I did my best, sir; and I am sure, had my life been necessary to restore yours, I should, most willingly and cheerfully, have made the sacrifice—for you are—my guardian angel—who have been the preserver of my life, and—but you are now much better, sir, and do not longer require an attendant."

Notwithstanding all the composure that Susan had endeavoured to assume, and, in spite of her usual prudence, her voice,

while she spoke, wanted its usual firmness; there was a hesitation in her manner, and a deep blush again mantled on her cheek. Conscious of all, she added, as an apology for her obvious confusion—"I have indeed been sadly alarmed, for we believed that you were killed;" and she was leaving the room, when Charles requested that she would hand him a glass of water.

This was a service which Susan could not refuse, and knew not how to perform, for, as she filled the tumbler, she felt her hand shake, and she had to bear it upon a waiter across the room. Charles observed her emotion, and rising, took the glass from her hand, which he gently pressed, saying—"I thank you, Susan, for your attention, and the interest you have taken in my recovery. I shall soon be where there are none to care for me so tenderly, and hope to find you in good health, and happily married, on my return."

The entrance of the maid-servant prevented Susan's reply, and afforded her an

opportunity of retiring to recover her composure.

Charles, having sustained no serious injury, would not permit sending for medical assistance; and his friends, upon their return, found him in his usual good health.

He now gave directions about the appropriation of the penalties paid by Edward Fergus; and these were—that immediately after the departure of Charles, the money should be returned to Edward Fergus, with his best wishes, and recommendation that Mr. Fergus would apply it in such benevolent purposes as he thought most eligible, and which was left entirely to his own discretion. In the event of Mr. Fergus refusing it, five pounds to be given to the poor painter-boy, and the remainder to be divided among the poor in the parish of Keillorburn, at the discretion of Mr. Angus and the kirk elders.

Among the arrangements preparatory to his departure, Charles wished to con-

sult colonel Melville about something particular; and not having seen him pass to Beechwood as usual, he set out for Shuttledale, expecting that he should either meet his friend by the way, or find him at home with his family.

Upon arriving at colonel Melville's lodgings, he was shewn into the parlour, where Emma was seated alone, occupied in drawing. Charles had never before observed that she blushed at meeting him; but, at present, her attempts to disguise it only rendered the suffusion more conspicuous.

After exchanging compliments, Charles said, that he expected to have met the colonel at home, as he had not seen him pass to Beechwood.

“He went earlier than usual to-day, and, I believe, by another road,” said Emma; “but he returns soon. My mother and Louisa are gone out to make some calls, and perhaps to tease the Shuttledale shopkeepers; but you must not go away till my father returns; if I cannot amuse

you, we can adjourn to the school-room, where you can have a lesson with Anne, from Miss Courtenay."

"I shall request Miss Melville to escort me thither when I am weary of her company."

"It is a pity you were not here yesterday; you would have been amused—perhaps instructed; for we had a visitor who exhibited a knowledge of some subjects, of which I believe you comparatively ignorant."

"That is most probable, for my knowledge is very superficial, and limited to very few subjects."

"So much the better is your chance of excellence. The gentleman of whom I speak was a Mr. Maxwell, who has been studying at the Edinburgh University; he dined here, and his discourse was solely confined to one subject; but upon that I must acknowledge him an enthusiast."

"Oh, he must be so devoted to his studies, that he cannot forget them in com-

pany, and thus renders himself a pedant!"

"Do you know whether there is a professor of foppery in the College of Edinburgh?"

"Why do you ask so ridiculous a question?"

"Because that seemed to have been the subject of Mr. Maxwell's studies. Dress alone was the theme of his discourse; and from the *chapeau* to the shoe-toe, every part was described, buttons and buckles not neglected. He knew every fashionable shape and colour; but, according to his account, there was only one shoemaker in Edinburgh, and not one tailor, that a gentleman could employ; he got all his clothes ready made from London. He has been studying medicine, and wished to consult my father about entering the army, and for what reason do you think?"

"Why, indeed, I cannot guess."

"Because a scarlet coat and a pair of epaulets are, in his opinion, the very cli-

max of neatness and elegance!—Oh, how I despise the contemptible puppy!”

“So you do not think a military dress any ornament?”

“It may be so to a fop; but not to a man. He who is a man, will have a better certificate of character; and a fool will shine through gold lace and glittering epaulets.”

“Do you mean, that his folly will be no less conspicuous, or that they will give him additional lustre?”

“If you have any doubts about my meaning, I presume you must think me worthy of the decoration, as the proper insignia by which a fool should be distinguished.”

“Were it not that colonel Melville wears this dress, I should be inclined to imagine, that you considered it as the badge of the order of Folly’s knights-errant.”

“And is it not decidedly so to him who conceives that he derives additional merit from the tinselled appendage? A

man does honour to the badge of his profession—a fool thinks that it adds dignity to his character. But I beg your pardon, Charles; it was only when you mentioned my father, that I recollected how soon it will be the costume of both him and you; however, this cannot alter my opinion—

‘Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.’

But you have conjured up reflections which render me incapable of longer pursuing this trifling, when I think how soon I shall be deprived of—a father—and—a friend, whom I esteem, and to whom I am indebted for my life.”

“I trust colonel Melville will soon be restored to his family and to you; for me, my career of life is only beginning, and I scarcely know what to hope or fear; it is in vain that I attempt to penetrate the prospect which lies before me, for ‘shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.’”

“I see no cause that you have for de-

spondency ; the path of honour and promotion is open before you—the same by which my father entered ; and he is now happy in his lot.”

“ Alas ! how dissimilar are our situations ! At starting, he had a father—a name among men which he inherited from his family ; while I—am nobody—can claim kindred with no one ; although my sword were to shape my way to fortune and to fame, no heart would glow with pleasure—no eye would brighten to welcome my return —no tongue proclaim with strains of joy—‘ He is my son !’ I waste my filial affections on ‘ the desert air,’ for they have no object on which to rest ; the still more tender feelings of the heart are by fate prohibited for ever ; for I will never be the villain to create an interest in a heart, which, united to mine, must be linked to obscurity—perhaps to infamy. Should I madly dare to love, I must suffer in secret—heave my sighs to the winds of heaven—and, sinking under the hopeless passion, hide my sorrows

under a grassy turf, where not a stone shall mark the head of the nameless being who sleeps beneath the sod. But I beg your pardon, Miss Melville, for intruding my sorrows upon your ear—it is unkind, it is ungenerous; but you conjured up a feeling which too often subjugates my reason.”

During this speech Emma's heart glowed, as she believed, with sympathy for the speaker; her eyes swam in a liquid so pure, that could Charles have dared to steal only one glance, he would have thought himself amply rewarded for the most bitter anguish that his mind had ever endured; but although against every rule of good breeding, he, while speaking, had fixed his eyes, as if contemplating the figures on the carpet; and even after finishing, he sat overpowered by the phantoms which had been raised by his own despondent imagination.

When Emma detected the dewy pearls stealing from her eyes, a deep blush kindled upon her cheek, and something very

like a suppressed sigh escaped from her bosom ; but all these passed unnoticed by Charles, who still sat plunged in a reverie.

The gentle Emma soon recovered her self-possession, and now addressed him, saying—" Fie, soldier ! fie ! banish despondency from your bosom. A soldier's mistress, you know, is Glory ; and you have only to hear the first clang of her trumpet, when I predict that your melancholy will be forgotten, and you will be more in want of prudence to check, than of courage to stimulate, you in your career. He who can rush through floods of rolling flame, will, I am afraid, be too fearless of the glittering steel when it is pointed against him, and spring forward too heedless of danger."

" You give far greater praise to a happy effort than it merits ; but in your anticipations of my future course, you forget that, be the danger what it may, I shall not have the same inducements to encounter it ; there will be no Emma Mel-

ville there to inspire my heart, and nerve my arm."

"Thank you, Charles—very gallant! but you have yet seen little of what the world contains, and have had the opportunity of forming only few friendships. You perhaps think, just now, that colonel Melville is the only friend for whom you would risk your life to save that of his child; but you will yet find other friends with daughters, whom you would save for—the sake of the father—or, most probably, for their own."

"No!" cried our hero with enthusiasm, "there can be to me in the world only one colonel—one Emma Melville!"

"Well, Charles, you have already proved your attachment to the family; continue to be the guardian of the father, as you have been the preserver of his daughter. The feelings and apprehensions incident to my sex, would prompt me to say to him, and to you—'Avoid danger!' a request equally incompatible with the situation in which you will be

placed, as it would be with the natural bravery of your minds. I shall only say to each, be prudent—do your duty—and trust in Providence. I am bound to both by no common ties, and shall never omit my daily prayers for the preservation and safe return of my father and—friend, in health, honour, and happiness. Yes, Charles, I think it not improbable that while you mingle in so extensive a circle of society, you may make some discovery of your parents; and they must be such as will not disgrace you. We shall then hear no more of your morbid sensibility, romantic delicacy, and prohibited feelings. Again let me repeat, hazard not your life rashly; there are others who have an interest in it; you are dear to your friends at Glenthorn, and I have bound you to protect my father! To shew that I have full confidence in your perseverance—in your honour, and that you may have a silent monitor to prompt the performance, I request your acceptance of this miniature—a representation of her who is indebted to your forti-

tude for her present state of existence, and who now commits into your hands a deposit which is to her still more valuable—the life of her father.”

Charles bent his knee—whether in adoration, or indicating obedience to her commands, we presume not to say; but in this attitude he pressed the delicate hand of the donor to his lips, where all his soul seemed to be hovering; and when Emma gently withdrew her hand, he honoured her gift with a similar mark of his affection before he deposited it in his bosom.

This transaction had been productive of considerable emotion in both, and ere they had recovered the use of speech, Mrs. Melville and Louisa entered. The conversation turned upon general subjects, and Charles having waited the return of the colonel, was prevailed with to stay dinner. In the course of conversation, mention was made of Dan Norval's attachment, and determined adherence to the fortunes of his friend; upon which all the family congratulated Charles. Louisa requested that

Dan might be sent in, as if on some errand, next morning, as she wished to see him before his departure ; to which request Charles promised due attention.

As he returned to Glenthorn in the evening, his meditations were of no ordinary kind. The morning interview had produced many, and discordant sensations in his bosom. From some expressions which Emma had used, he almost hoped that she indulged a warmer feeling than gratitude towards him ; but on the other hand, every sentence was so guarded, in flank and rear, by sentiments of affection for her father, and anxiety for his protection, that Charles would have resigned himself to despair, had it not been for the precious *memento* so tenderly and so delicately consigned to him. This he immediately determined to treasure up, as the talisman of his future hopes ; and to guard it with the same care as his life. She had also said, that in the event of discovering his parents, there would be no more occasion for *romantic delicacy and prohibited*

feelings! Was not this lighting up the star of hope, on which to fix his eye, while buffeting the storms of life, and steering his course in unknown latitudes?

Next morning Dan was dispatched on some business to Shuttledale, also with a card to Louisa Melville, to which he was instructed to wait for an answer. When Dan delivered the card, he was soon after sent for into the parlour, when Louisa addressing him, said—"Dan, I am indebted to your fortitude for preservation from a cruel and most dreadful death; and although no return that I or my family could make, would be adequate to the service rendered, yet we are not unmindful of what we owe you. I believe my father made a proposal to you, which was intended to add to your comforts in life. Your motives for declining this offer (now that we plainly see them), do honour to your heart, and have raised you still higher in our esteem; and I now request your acceptance of this watch, as a present mark of my gratitude, and a pledge of mine and

the family's friendship, in whatever way it can be rendered conducive to your happiness." The present of Louisa was a new and substantial silver watch, with a suitable inscription on the case, and also the appendage of a gold chain and seal. When she presented it to Dan, she took his hand, shaking it heartily. Dan seemed for a moment bewildered, then (whether from gallantry, or any other impulse cannot be ascertained), in a hurried manner, raised the hand of the fair lady, bending his head, till his lips came in contact with its ivory skin, which appeared still whiter, when contrasted with the brown freckled hand of the enraptured rustic. This was the action of a moment; for he instantly dropped his prize, and retreated some paces backwards, with a most lamentable countenance, as if he seemed conscious of having committed some heinous offence. At length he stammered out—"I beg pardon, mem! but I think I'm 'toxicated!"

"No offence, Dan; it is quite fair that you kiss the hand of her whom you carried

in your arms. Were it the hand of a queen, you are worthy of the honour."

"An' although I had ha'en my choice, lady Louisy, between your's an' any queen's in a' Christendoom, I wad ha'e just done as I've done already—but ye've made me sae proud, I've forgot mysel'! I'm sae vain o' your gift that I hope never to part wi't; an' I'm thinkin, there'll no be anither private soger in a' the regiment, wha can show the marrow o't. Yet I'm prouder still o' your promised friendship, an' that of your family, whilk I sall endeavour to deserve, in as far as my station will afford me opportunity."

"I am sure you will, Dan; and it gives me no small pleasure to think that you will continue to have opportunity. You are to accompany my father and your friend Mr. Melville, to the field of danger—in your attachment to your friend, do not forget my father. I need not inform you, that officers of the highest rank have often been indebted to the meanest soldier both for liberty and life—I need say no

more; for I know that your own heart will dictate a duty equal to my wishes; and it will give me sincere pleasure to see you return well and happy."

After some compliments from the other members of the family, Dan departed as if he had been treading on air. Only twice before had he felt a similar elevation of mind; and that was when he defeated Ned Fergus in a boxing-match, for slandering his friend; and after he delivered Louisa from his arms into those of her mother.

It was now Saturday, and Charles had appointed James Ray to call in the evening; he therefore requested Mrs. Angus's assistance, and began to rummage his wardrobe, for a donation to his humble friend. Ellen had laid the old great-coat among a number of other articles which were put aside for James; Charles observed it—and his last interview with Emma had certainly added to its imaginary value; he therefore snatched it from impending fate, saying it was too good to give away.

"Dear Charles!" cried Ellen, in surprise,

“you surely do not intend to take that coat, which is both soiled and singed, along with you? I declare it would disgrace a corporal!”

Charles, after some hesitation, replied—
“No, my dear mother—but I—I intend coming back to it.—Do you not wish and expect my return?”

Ellen smiled, for at that instant his partiality for this shabby *surtout* flashed upon her mind, and she replied—“Dear Charles, you know that I wish and expect your return—and this coat which seems to have such a portion of your regard, shall be preserved to meet you on that auspicious day.”

The misanthrope came according to appointment; and seeing the multitude of articles allotted for him, said—“Why, Mr. Melville, I shall never live to wear all these! however, I hope to have my span of life lengthened to celebrate your return, and the independence of America, both of which I hope are not far distant; and I find I shall have a gala dress for the occasion.”

Charles earnestly recommended his humble friend to the kindness of Mrs. Angus, and warmly shook his hand, dropping something in his palm. The hard and unbending features of this cynical philosopher could not retain their usual form; the muscles at the corners of his mouth curved down towards his chin, his dark eyes became dim and watery, and turning hastily round, he walked off in dignified silence.

Some time before this, Mr. Angus had caused the money deposited in the bank to be transferred from his own name to that of Charles; the receipt for which he now presented to his *protégé*; but which Charles refused, saying that it was in the hands where it ought to remain; but recollecting, he took it up and indorsed it on the back, payable to Mr. Angus, to whom he now delivered it, saying—"My dear friend, my right to this money is at best problematical; but I request your attention to what I now say: should you ever have occasion for all, or any part of it,

you are invested with full power, and I entreat—I insist, that you consider it your own.”

“Thank you kindly, Charles,” replied Mr. Angus, “but I hope I shall never have occasion.”

“I hope so too, for your sake, my worthy and honoured friend ; but remember, that my order is imperative.”

“Since we are upon this subject,” rejoined Mr. Angus, “I recommend that you take the green silk purse, the foreign gold, and at least a selection from your mother’s ornaments along with you ; they may be the means of enabling you to discover your parents.” This was warmly seconded by Ellen ; Charles therefore selected from the trinkets, a ring of very peculiar workmanship, with the Scots posy, “Dinna forget !” and taking two different coins from the gold, he said—“These are sufficient for my purpose—of the rest, my dear mother, I request your acceptance as a keepsake from your Charles ! the trinkets I commit to your care, till I find either

another mother—a bride—or a green turf—as fate may direct.”

It was now within two days of the time fixed by Charles for his departure ; and although it was the accomplishment of the very purpose upon which his heart had been so long fixed—although now about to enter the arena, where he was to struggle for honourable existence, yet many and painful emotions pervaded his bosom. With Glenthorn and its vicinity, were associated in his mind all that were dear to him in the world—all the beings on whom his heart had dared to rest its hopes of happiness. In David Angus he had found a kind father, a faithful and prudent monitor, and an affectionate friend.

Ellen had, by more than ordinary solicitude for his comfort and happiness, discharged the maternal duties with the most tender love and fond affection. Thus blessed in their protection and regard, he could almost have resigned himself to the pursuits of domestic life and rural tranquillity, “ the world forgetting, by the world

forgot," banishing all visionary dreams concerning his birth and parentage. But there was a hope to which his heart still clung, the fruition of which, he felt, would in a great degree depend upon being able to ascertain his parents. The very idea of indulging this hope, his reason told him, was romantic; still it was one which his heart could not relinquish, even while he felt, that although the lovely Emma condescended to smile upon him, it was only the enchanting blush of the rose-bud bending its head in dewy sweetness from the summit of an inaccessible cliff—tempting the eyes of the enraptured boy, who dizzies himself by gazing from an immeasurable depth below—while he racks his imagination how to scale the airy precipice, desperately resolving to snatch the beauteous prize, or to perish in the attempt. Such were the feelings and resolutions of our hero, who now determined upon using every possible means to discover his parents, not for their sakes, but for his own. In the garden at Beechwood was a seat

named Emma's Bower ; from thence, about three years ago, Charles had secretly purloined a slip of woodbine, which he had carefully planted at the foot of his poplar, in the garden at Glenthorn, and with something of superstitious anxiety watched its progress. He wished to discover not only whether it would prosper, but also whether it would trail on the ground, or cling to the tree for protection. Its growth and direction had been equal to his wishes ; and ridiculous as it may seem, the progress of this slender twig diffused many a sunny ray of hope over his heart. The greybeard, and the antiquated blue-stocking, if they have ever loved, will content themselves with a pitying smile at this instance ; but recollecting from experience, that love and wisdom are not always joint-inhabitants of the same tenement, they will not deeply censure the hero of our story for his air-built castle, which we affirm to be as rational a mode of divination, as sowing hemp-seed and all its kindred spells, once so popular, and not yet fallen

into desuetude. But we speak of Charles as he was ; our business is to record, not to justify his conduct ; and on this occasion we must narrate, that the verdant blooming tendrils of the woodbine, twining round the stem of the poplar, contributed to his happiness, diffusing beauty and fragrance over his senses, and by the augury which he drew, redeeming his mind from many a desponding hour.

Ellen and he were walking in the garden, and as they approached the spot, Charles said—" Dear mother, I need not inform you, that every thing about Glenthorn is more or less dear to my heart, and I have some peculiar, although they may be termed childish attachments ; I have a request to proffer to you, which I should blush to mention, did I not know your goodness and readiness to excuse romantic feeling. That poplar, round which the honeysuckle is twining its glossy leaves, and shedding odours abroad, has, I cannot well explain how, united itself with ideas which I shall continue to indulge with

melancholy delight. I recommend it to your protection—permit it not to be cut down—suffer not the feeble, but lovely clasping woodbine, to be untwined from its stem ; but neither prune nor direct them—leave them entirely to the luxuriance of nature.”

There was a warmth and energy in the tone in which the request was made, which indicated the importance attached to it.

Ellen had keen perceptions, and replied—“ Trust them with confidence to me ; although I cannot lock them in a closet with the *singed* great-coat, yet I hope you shall find them thriving on your return.”

“ Enough, dear mother !” said Charles, blushing.

Early next morning he took an opportunity of stealing into the garden, and not without much caution, lest he should be seen, took his penknife, and gently putting aside the flowery twigs of the woodbine, indented an E upon the bark of the tree, opposite to the root of the tender

shrub, and on the other side a C; then carefully replacing the leafy tendrils, saw with delight, that this little device of a romantic lover would not be discovered.

CHAPTER II.

Ah, dear Aurelia ! when this arm shall guide
 Thy twilight steps no more by Teviot's side,
 When I, to pine in distant realms, have gone,
 And years have pass'd, and thou remain'st alone,
 Wilt thou, still partial to thy youthful flame,
 Regard the turf, where first I carv'd thy name,
 And think, thy wand'rer, far beyond the sea,
 False to his heart, was ever true to thee ?

LEYDEN.

Tender Partings and inviolable Attachment.

COLONEL Melville had pushed forward the finishing of his house, anxious to see his family again settled at Beechwood before his departure, which he now almost daily expected to take place.

At Glenthorn, scarcely any thing was thought of, except Charles and Dan, either by master or servant ; both were beloved

and esteemed in their respective situations, and it was not without regret that the lowest menial could contemplate their departure. Dan had received his bounty, which, with some wages that he had saved, he now deposited in the hands of Mr. Angus, with instructions that should his sister be in want, it might be applied for her relief; and in the event of his death, that she should then receive the whole.

It was arranged, that Mr. and Mrs. Angus should accompany Charles to breakfast with colonel Melville at Shuttledale; after which, they proposed proceeding to Trimmingburgh in a post-chaise, and there taking farewell of their *protégé*.

Charles had taken leave of his acquaintances, and had every thing ready on the eve which was to usher in the day to which he had long looked forward with so much solicitude. Those who have ever experienced a change in their situation, equal to that now about to be made by our hero, will easily conceive the varied and opposite feelings which occupied his

mind. He had, during the afternoon, sat with his dear friends, talking of the past and the future, of much that had been enjoyed, and of all that was still anticipated. His mind was much agitated, and imagining that it would prove a relief, he walked out alone; the evening was fine, and the sun nearly setting, shone with that gentle splendour, so peculiarly pleasing after a hot and sultry noon. He ascended a height at some distance, and with much emotion contemplated the widely varied landscape around him: before him lay an extensive valley, fertile and richly cultivated; its fields loaded with plenty, the yellow hue of approaching harvest appearing more rich, from the nearly level beams of light which shot along their surface, and gave a darker tinge to the shadowy side of the verdant hedge-rows by which they were intersected; cattle were browsing in the meadows, and sheep scattered on the uplands: the ancient manor, surrounded with large and venerable trees, and the modern mansion-house, with its young and thriving

plantations ; the clustered hamlet, with its blue smoke ascending in a perpendicular column, till it insensibly blended with the viewless ether ; the brown heath which skirted the dale, studded with cottages and variegated with patches of corn ; while far in the distance, blue hills closed the view ; all these combined to form a rural picture of great beauty, and which could not fail of inspiring strong emotions in the breast of our hero. When he turned round, the most prominent feature in the landscape was the remains of the ancient cathedral of Shuttledale, venerable and magnificent even in its ruins, which after the lapse of ages, braving time and the elements, still seemed to lift their lofty, although hoary heads in proud defiance to the sky. Beyond these, the tranquil ocean spread his azure bosom, now unruffled save by the furrowing keel of the busy vessel, whose white sail in the distance seemed a light bird sitting on the water ; or where nearer, the patient fisher plied his dripping oar—he and his humble skiff only distinguish-

able as a dark point on the bosom of the placid element.

But the most commanding figure in the ample scene by which Charles was surrounded, was the mansion of Beechwood ; the sun was just sinking behind the distant hill, and his parting beams were reflected from its windows, with a lustre which, as it first struck the eyes of Charles, most forcibly brought before his imagination that never-to-be-forgotten night, when his heart had thrilled with anguish for the impending fate of Emma, and heaved with ecstasy as she panted on his bosom. He now thought that he was perhaps taking his last look of a spot so hallowed in his imagination.—“ To-morrow,” said he, “ I may see Emma for the last time—meet her to part for ever—never again to hear her gentle voice, or ‘ drink delicious poison from her eye!’ like the sun just now departed, I may sink in another hemisphere—but unlike him, never again to revisit the land so dear to my heart—or, still more dreadful, I may return as I depart, name-

less and unhonoured, to meet the glance of withering despair, which banishes me from her presence for ever."

From the subject of this apostrophe it was an easy and natural transition to the wild heaths and dreary glens of Lochaber and its mysterious inhabitant, who, he was convinced, possessed the secret of his birth. Perhaps he felt not his departure so unfortunate in any respect as this; for the woman was old and a wanderer, she would most probably be dead before his return, and the secret would perish with her. For a moment this reflection was agony, and he almost regretted the day that he became a soldier.—" Yet I did it for the best," said he; " it is now too late to repent; the deed is irrevocable; let me do my duty, and still trust in Providence."

With slow steps and musing thoughts he descended to the plain, calling at the cottage where he had been received when thrown from the carrier's cart. Its inmates were still the same; for few servants

at Glenthorn changed their place. Charles now took farewell of the woman who had not only so kindly sheltered him, but had been the means of introducing him to those who had proved his best, almost his only friends. At parting, our hero dropped a guinea in her hand, which she said she accepted only out of respect to him; and in return she requested him to accept her blessing, and earnest prayer that he might discover his parents.

It was now twilight. Charles returned home, fondly gazing upon every object which he passed; the gate upon which he had swung when a boy—the trees which he had climbed; every field that he passed had some endearment for his mind, which, by the time that he entered the house, contained such a chaos of thoughts, that, finding it impossible to reduce them into order, he retired early to bed.

Dan was to start early, that he might have the cool of the morning for walking. Mr. Angus and Charles had both requested him take a horse to Trimmingburgh;

but Dan replied—"A horse to a private soger! that winna do to be spoken of; od I'se warrant I'll get mony a day's langer tramp, wi' my knapsack upo' my curpin, an' brown Bess o'er my shouther; but I've good shanks, an' if I keep my health an' hale banes, I'm thinkin' there will twa or three tire afore Dan yield the day." He started so early, that no one about Glenthorn, except his friend and fellow-servant, Davie Nicol, was up at the time of his departure. Dan had cogent reasons for this; there was at least one person at Glenthorn so dear to him, that he dreaded the thoughts of a formal parting; and suspicious that it might be the means of betraying a secret which he believed known only to himself, he determined upon avoiding the hazard. Davie Nicol accompanied his friend as far as Marian's alehouse before mentioned, when, in the vernacular idiom of the country, they cudna sinder dry mou'd; therefore halting, and calling up Marian, they entered, requesting her to bring in the best bottle.

“ Ay gude guide’s a’, Dan ! an, you’re a soger now ? ” said the landlady, with something of a rueful look.

“ Indeed I’m listed, Marian ; but as to sogership, I ken naething about it yet. I’ll likely be able to say something concernin’t, if I’m spared to come this road again.”

“ Weel, weel, Dan, Solomon says, that ‘ Love’s stronger than death,’ but ye’ve shown that friendship’s above them baith ; an’ altho’ Charles Melville’s weel wordy o’ it a’, yet I ferly, Dan, how ye cud find in your heart to gang an’ leave yon bonny lassie ; ye ken brawly wha I mean. Wow man, sae c^osh an’ canty as ye mith ha’e sittin thegither, instead o’ gangin’ sic a road ; but, *‘ them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar.’* ”

Dan had believed that his love was unknown even to the object of his affections ; but this observation of Marian’s, although merely a joke hazarded at random, came so unexpectedly and so like the truth, that he was much vexed, both upon the girl’s

account and his own; but wishing to hear no more upon the subject, he filled out a glass, saying—"Here, Marian, drink to the —— regiment; an' now that I'm to leave you, tak' my word for't, there's no a lassie aboon the yird that ever heard me say I liket her better than anither; sae ye maunna spread ony sic nonsense in the kintra, after my back's turned—but tak' out your glass; ye'll be nane the worse o' weetin' your mou' in the mornin'; an' see that ye mind what I've said." Dan would have added something more, but being seized with some huskiness about the throat, he endeavoured to swallow a glass of brandy and water, which he with some difficulty effected.

Marian now broke forth in a long harangue in praise of Charles, to which Dan (although impatient to be gone) listened with sincere pleasure.

Marian having retired, Dan felt the rising in his throat about to return; and believing that the presence of his friend would only prolong this spasmodic affec-

tion, he started to his feet, rushed out, and when fairly on the highway, seized the hand of his companion, and pressing it hard, hastily said—"Farewell, Davie!" and without pausing a moment, pushed forward, with great speed, like a frightened child, not once daring to look behind him.

At Glenthorn, the rattling of the chaise, as it drove up to the door, produced sensations more or less strong in every bosom. All were ready to depart; Mr. and Mrs. Angus stepped in. David Nicol had just returned in time to stand at the head of his fellow-servants, who testified by their looks the regret they felt at parting with Charles; he kindly shook hands with each, and heard the artless but sincere prayer of "God bless you!" echoed around. Susan Tait stood in the background; Charles approached, and pressing her hand, said—"Farewell, and may you ever be happy!"

In a faint and almost inarticulate voice,

she replied—"May Heaven ever protect and bless you!" and rushed into the house.

Charles now sprang into the carriage; they drove off, and found colonel Melville and family waiting to receive them. The colonel and Charles endeavoured to keep up cheerful conversation at the breakfast-table, but with little success, for his family all felt that this was the harbinger of his own departure.

Those who have any knowledge of the human heart, are aware, that meetings of this kind should never be prolonged; it is protracting the torture which the lacerated feelings are suffering; and the greater reluctance that there is to part, so much keener is the mental anguish during the interview. Colonel Melville, addressing Charles, said—"My dear friend, I have already spoken with you of what appeared necessary; it is now almost certain that I shall soon follow you; in the mean time, here is a letter of introduction to major Colville, whom I have requested to consider you as my *protégé*. You will most

fortunately be placed in captain Gordon's company; he is an intimate friend of mine; and in this epistle to him, I have expressed fully my mind and wishes concerning you; these others are introductions to the officers whom I formerly mentioned."

Charles could scarcely articulate his thanks.

Mrs. Melville now said—"Dear sir, my obligations are already greater to you than I can ever return; I must, however, be still farther your debtor. Colonel Melville will, it is most probable, soon be your companion in all the dangers incident to active military service—for his sake, for mine, and for that of his children, never desert him; as you saved our dear Emma from the flames, you may also turn aside the sword that is pointed at the breast of her father."

Charles could only reply by grasping Mrs. Melville's hand, for he beheld Emma struggling to conceal her emotion. She now came forward, attempted to speak,

but could only faintly articulate—"Farewell!" and stretching forth her hand, Charles hastily pressed it to his lips; a tear which had started in his eye fell upon a fine blue vein, which seemed like a sapphire stream in a field of snow.

Louisa and Anna's grief was still more apparent; they sobbed aloud, crying—"Oh, Charles!—my father—farewell!"

Our hero paid the same compliment to the hands of these weeping fair as he had done to that of Emma; when Mrs. Melville, with her daughters, left the room,

When colonel Melville had handed his guests into the carriage, he shook Charles by the hand, saying—"Farewell, till we meet in England!"

Charles threw himself back in the chaise between his friends, and sat overpowered by his feelings, illustrating the sentiment of Byron, that "Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal." They had proceeded several miles before he could assume courage enough to look from the window, when he felt himself already as

it were in a strange land; for all that was dear to him, and upon which his imagination delighted to rest, had receded from his view.

Mr. Angus kindly endeavoured to keep up the spirits of Ellen and Charles, by pointing out the different gentlemen's seats, and remarking upon the cultivation of the different farms; thus contriving to keep up a conversation upon different subjects till they arrived at Trimmingburgh, where they found Dan in waiting to receive them.

From what they had already felt, all were inclined not to delay their parting; an early dinner was therefore ordered, and in the interim, they walked out to view the town, and intending to call upon captain Crosstrees.

Passing along the quay, where there was much bustle, they met captain Crosstrees, who instantly recognised Charles, seized his hand, exclaiming—"My good friend, Mr. Melville! I hope I see you well.—How's the wind now? No press-

gang business again, I trust?—no more Ned Fergus's tricks?"

An explanation and introduction to Mrs. Angus followed; after which the captain said—"If not much mistaken, I saw your friend Dan upon the street this morning; his face was familiar, but I could not recollect who he was till he was past, otherwise I should have hailed him, for he is a noble fellow! But what is he after now? does he wish to be your substitute again?"

"Not exactly that," replied Charles; "he is now my fellow-soldier, and has enlisted for the express purpose of being my servant and friend."

"The devil he has!" cried the captain; "why, Charles, should you prove an Æneas, you will not be without your Achates! The fellow has certainly better than plebeian blood in his veins. I am delighted with such fidelity and attachment, and must have an interview with him before he march from Trimmingburgh. When

do you start?—Can you give me the pleasure of your company to dinner?”

“We have ordered an early dinner at the inn, and if you will honour us with your presence, we shall be obliged.”

“Well, I will join you with pleasure.”

The parties met before two o'clock, not quite so unfashionable an hour, nearly half a century ago, as it would now be deemed in these days of improvement upon the vulgar habits of our fathers. The presence and cheerful humour of captain Crosstrees served as an antidote to that melancholy which none of our little company was able to banish. The captain shewed that, although a seaman, he was well acquainted with men and manners, and exhibited some knowledge of the human heart.

After the first bottle of wine, the captain requested that Dan might be called in; the faithful attendant soon appeared, when the naval hero began thus—“Well, sir, are not you a pretty fellow, to insult me in the manner you have done?”

Dan stared with astonishment, and at length stammered out—"Od, sir, I'm at a loss to ken what you mean; I'm sure naething could be farther frae my intention than to insult your honour, or any friend o' my master."

"Why, you dog, did not I offer you fifty guineas of bounty, with a chance of promotion in the royal navy, where you could have worn a jacket of true blue and appeared like a gentleman? and have you not taken less than half that sum, and bound yourself to wear a tawdry red coat of cloth too coarse for a fish-wife's petticoat; also to stand and be shot at for sixpence a-day, besides being a land-lubber for life? Is not this an insult? answer me that, sir!" and the captain endeavoured to put on a quarter-deck look.

"Troth, sir, an' ye had keepit the grip when you had it, I mith ha'e been wi' you; but *he that winna whan he may, shanna whan he would.*"

"Well, Dan, I have thought of you again and again, and am strongly inclined

to be your friend; firmly convinced that I have it in my power to get you promoted in the navy, I have talked over the subject with your friends here, having a scheme in my head which will render it greatly for your advantage to leave the army. A letter from me to colonel Melville will set you free at once."

"Save your sheet o' paper, sir; I'm just whare I should be!"

"But, Dan, you have interrupted me—hear me out, and I am certain I shall convince you."

"Indeed, your honour, you may save your wind—they're no born that will convince me; for I am determined that I winna be convinced, sae there's an end o' the matter!"

"Give me your hand, Dan; you ought to have been a prince or a lord at least; these sentiments are not like a ploughman."

"An' wharefore no, sir? If ye kent Mr. Melville as weel as I do, ye wad ha'e

less to ferly at. There'll no be a blithe blink at Glenthorn the day, now that he's awa'; an' I'll wager the very dog Elliot sall gang about whingin', an' hingin' his lugs this aught days, for the want o' his master an' friend."

The captain still held Dan's hand, into which he now slipped a guinea, saying—"Well, Dan, drink your master's health, and mine, with that; continue your faithful attachment to him, and may you long be happy together!"

Dan tossed the guinea upon the table, saying—"This is maybe some trick; but *auld sparrows are no to be catch'd wi' chaff*; an' if it's nane, I need nae bribe to do my duty."

It required all the persuasion of Mr. Angus and Charles before Dan could be prevailed upon to accept the captain's donation. After he had retired, captain Cross-trees again complimented Charles upon so singular an attachment, which in the situation upon which he was about to enter, might be of infinite value.

The captain retired early, that his presence might be no restraint upon the parting of Charles and his friends. Mr. Angus then presented Charles with a letter, saying--“Dear Charles, after all the communings we have had together, it has occurred to me, that a brief outline of them, by way of parting advice, might be kindly received by you, and if committed to writing, I conceived it might make a more lasting impression on your mind; and I beg that you will consider what I have now delivered into your hands as the parting advice of a friend deeply interested in your happiness. I embrace the opportunity of Ellen’s absence, to request for her sake that our parting may now take place; you know the susceptibility of her heart, and were she to remain much longer in your company, it would only add to her distress, without being of advantage to you; for with her, feeling would soon become too powerful for reason.”

Mrs. Angus soon came in, and aware of

her own frailty, said—"I think we had better order the chaise." She then sat down in silence till the carriage was announced.

Charles now starting to his feet, said—"My dear friends, I cannot express what I feel, much less shall I ever be able to reward you for all your goodness to me—the feelings of this moment are too powerful for utterance; I hope—I trust you know my heart——" his voice failed him; he took the hand of Mr. Angus holding it in expressive silence.

The benevolent man, returning his fond pressure, said—"Farewell, Charles; may Heaven bless and protect you!" and he turned aside to the window.

Ellen now pressed Charles to her heart, and in the emphatic language of scripture, "hung upon his neck and wept." At last she took his hand, and holding it in both hers, cried—"My Charles—my son! may the God of our fathers bless you! farewell!" and without pausing, she rushed out. Dan was in waiting at the door;

she hastily shook his hand, saying—"Farewell, Dan; remember Charles!"

Our hero handed his friends into the chaise, again pressed their hands, and hastily reentered the inn, requesting Dan to follow him.

The season being delightful, Charles resolved upon making part of the journey as a pedestrian; he therefore took from his trunk such articles as he was likely to want, dispatching it per carrier to Leith, and furnishing himself with a good oaken saplin, the travellers set forward, resolved upon performing a stage that evening.

When they stopped for the night, after Dan had retired, Charles read the valedictory epistle of his friend, which was as follows :—

"DEAR CHARLES,

" Nearly eighteen years have elapsed since Providence placed you under my care and protection, concerning which I shall only say, that I have endeavoured

to do my duty, by considering you as my son, and acting accordingly; and it now gives me sincere pleasure to say, that I have never regretted the charge which I then imposed upon myself—one great inducement to which was, the strong attachment which Mrs. Angus avowed for you. I do not mean this as a letter of compliments, let it therefore suffice to say, that your conduct has been such as to add much to our happiness. There is a manliness and benevolence in your nature, which require only a proper direction to render them eminently useful to yourself and to society. But, my dear Charles, I beg you to bear in mind, that these amiable qualities in a young mind are often dangerous to the possessor, till he become acquainted with the world. Courage often leads a man into dangers, which cool prudence would avoid; and the warm benevolent heart is the readiest to kindle with indignation against real or fancied insult, and also to become the dupe of cunning and designing men; avoid both

of these errors. I would have your mind armed as well as your person.

“ Hitherto you have moved in a narrow circle, and associated only with your friends ; that circle is now to be extended ; and although I hope you will ever meet that respect which is due to your merit, yet it may be well to be prepared for occasional disappointment. In the army, as in civil life, there are often to be found giddy young men, who presuming upon their birth, conceive that it supersedes almost every other qualification ; with such it is most probable that you will come in contact, and you must be aware that the mystery in which your birth has as yet been involved, renders your mind very susceptible and jealous of its honour ; on this point be ever watchful. To the etiquette of a mess-room you are a stranger ; but good sense will keep you from offending ; and by a little observation you will soon learn to please. Be not apt to take offence where it is probable none was intended ;

and be assured, that on your part, a manly and dignified conduct will prove your best security against insult. Form no hasty friendships, and never give confidence concerning your own affairs and feelings where it is not necessary: but let not your caution degenerate into suspicion; on the contrary, cultivate an open and frank easiness of behaviour. Be slow in forming decided opinions on the characters of others, and still more cautious in expressing them. There is a species of wit, or satirical pleasantry, which often amuses the company at the expence of some one individual; this I am sure you will never practise; the delicacy of your own feelings will sufficiently point out its cruelty. Among young men, set free from parental authority and the restraints of civil life, there too often prevails a levity of manners, and even laxity of morals, which grow into confirmed habit; beware of the seduction which proceeds from bad example; reflect upon the consequences which follow the indulgence of vicious inclinations, and know that even

here virtue is her own reward. Learn to govern your passions, and on this head; never forget that you are a free agent—a moral being, accountable for all your actions, and that your endowments, of whatever kind, were bestowed that they might be employed in active virtue. It is not enough that you abstain from vice, you must do good. Study the word of Truth, make it the rule of your faith and practice; and you will there find, that he who returned his talent unimproved, although undiminished, received sentence of condemnation. Exclusive of external religious services, endeavour to have your mind constantly impressed with a deep and reverential sense of the omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence of the Deity, and that his providence is over all his works: this you will find the best check upon your passions in the day of prosperity, and the only sure source of hope and solid consolation in the hour of adversity. That I may again meet you

innocent and happy, as you have hitherto lived, is the heartfelt wish of,

“ DEAR CHARLES,

“ Your most sincere friend,

“ DAVID ANGUS.”

CHAPTER III.



—————Ruffians are abroad ;
Even daylight has its dangers ; and the walk
Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once
Of other tenants than melodious birds,
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.

COWPER.

Unaccountable Feelings, and the Biters bit.

SPENDING a day in the metropolis of their country, Charles and Dan pushed forward, and had proceeded as far as Hawick, when rising in the morning, they found it rained heavily ; Charles therefore ordered a post-chaise to be ready immediately after breakfast, to which he was just about to sit down, when two ladies arrived in a chaise. The morning being chilly, Charles had ordered a fire in the parlour, and the strangers solicited the privilege of enjoying its

cheering influence. Charles, although unskilled in gallantry, was never deficient in that genuine politeness which every man of good sense shews to the sex ; and therefore received them most courteously. One appeared about forty-five years of age ; the other Charles supposed might be several years younger ; her countenance was pleasing, and her features expressive, and the settled melancholy which appeared in her face, rendered it still more interesting.

While breakfast was setting, they ordered a postchaise to be ready in an hour ; but were told that they could not be supplied, as all were out except one, which was engaged by the gentleman at table. This seemed a sad disappointment, as they expressed great anxiety to reach Langholm as early as possible. Although Charles had resolved upon taking Dan into the carriage, and knew that there was not room for four, yet there was something so interesting about the youngest lady, that he felt strongly inclined to oblige her, and therefore said, he would resign the chaise to

them : they naturally inquired in what direction he was travelling, and to his reply observed, that the carriage would hold them all, to which Charles assented ; and soon after went down in quest of Dan. He had scarcely opened the affair, when Dan, with his usual good humour, cried, —“ Say na a word mair, it’s a fine day now ; I’ll be at Langholm soon after you !”

The ladies had retired when he returned to the parlour, but the attractive and benevolent looks of the youngest were still before his imagination ; and he began to wonder what it was that interested him so warmly concerning her ; such were his ruminations, as he sat wishing their return, that he might again enjoy a luxury the cause of which he could not define. They entered the parlour and expressed a wish to proceed as soon as convenient ; the chaise was therefore ordered : before it drove to the door, Charles, who was seated with his face to the light, observed that the lady about whom he took such interest was seizing every opportunity of look-

ing at him with a most penetrating eye.

The chaise now drew up, Charles assisted the ladies in, when they politely requested him to seat himself between them. When clear of the town, they began to converse, and all seemed pleased with each other: the ladies appeared to be well informed, and talked upon different subjects with much ease and fluency. In the course of the conversation, Charles happened to mention America, when the youngest lady heaved a deep sigh and appeared much distressed.

“Amelia, my love, be calm ; and still, as you have hitherto done, trust in Providence,” said the other. Then addressing Charles, she added—“ My friend here had a most dear and intimate connexion, who went to America long ago, and of whom nothing has been heard for many years past, which has had such effect upon her spirits, that she cannot hear that country mentioned, without betraying her emotion.”

Charles expressed his regret for having

called up an idea which was so painful to her feelings ; but the lady observed that as it was quite unconsciously on his part, no apology was necessary, and she had now recovered from its effects. This circumstance had however damped the conversation—Charles talked without confidence, fearful that he might again touch some tender chord ; the lady seemed not thoroughly recovered ; and after some occasional observations they arrived at Langholm.

They entered the inn, and Amelia, as if ashamed of her weakness, exhibited more animation than she had before shewn. Charles insisted upon their taking some refreshment ; this he did for their sakes, although there was a selfish motive intermingled ; for he felt such interest and pleasure in looking at Amelia, and in hearing her speak, that he would have had recourse to any measure which could have prolonged the pleasure which he felt in her company.

They seemed now impatient to be gone, especially the eldest ; and Charles heard

with regret that they would now take a direction different from that in which he travelled.

When about to depart, Amelia walked up to Charles, took his hand, expressing her hope that they should meet again, and with much evident emotion, bade him farewell. While she pressed his hand, Charles felt a tingling in his veins which he could not comprehend. It was very different from the sensation which he enjoyed when the lily hand of Emma Melville blessed his lips; still it was delightful! and could he have dared to take the same privilege, he longed to kiss the hand which he still held, reluctant to resign. He also persuaded himself that the lady's fingers returned the pressure, and that they mutually released each other, when they could no longer find an excuse for the familiarity, rather than from inclination.

The strangers had mentioned having a long stage before them; but that they had a call to make a few miles forward.

Charles handed both ladies into the car-

riage, his heart glowing to find Amelia return the pressure of his hand : when the chaise drove off, he took his station at the window, and continued to gaze upon the carriage, till it was hid by a turn in the road.

Dan, who had arrived some time before the departure of the ladies, took the earliest opportunity of expressing his admiration of Amelia, and the delight with which he contemplated her countenance.

Incapable of defining his feelings, Charles believed that his best plan was to push forward ; accordingly he and Dan departed on foot. Having proceeded about two miles, during which the amiable and melancholy stranger had continued to occupy his thoughts, he began to regret that he had made no inquiry concerning the names or residence of the strangers ; but considering it probable that he might still obtain that information at the inn, he requested Dan to step into a small alehouse on the road, while he hastened back to the inn to make the inquiry. Arrived at Langholm,

he introduced himself to the landlord, and with some diffidence opened the subject.

“I am sorry, sir, that I can give you no information,” said Boniface; “the ladies are both strangers, of whom we know nothing; but this is rather singular; for they both returned in the chaise since you went away, inquiring most anxiously for you, and seemed much disappointed when informed that you were gone.”

“How long is it since they departed?” said Charles.

“More than half an hour,” replied the landlord.

This information only added to the perplexity and increased the vexation of our hero, who after some cogitation felt that he could do nothing better than retrace his steps and join his companion; when proceeding to the next stage, they took a postchaise to Carlisle, where they arrived late in the evening.

After retiring to rest, Charles could not banish recollections of the interesting stranger; and even after he had sunk asleep,

she was still present to his imagination. He fancied himself again at Glenthorn, when Ellen, leading forward Amelia, with most endearing smiles stepped behind her, while the stranger folded him to her bosom; Emma Melville too appeared in the group, when starting forward to meet so many dear friends, he awoke.

Being now entered upon the county of Cumberland, and having a sufficiency of time, Charles resolved upon seeing some of the romantic beauties which Nature has so profusely scattered over this bleak and mountainous country, and of which he had often heard most rapturous descriptions.

Having procured such directions as appeared necessary for their route, they proceeded till late in the afternoon; when stopping at a small inn to rest and refresh themselves, they were joined by a couple of young men, apparently like themselves, pedestrians, and equipped in a style suited to travellers who prefer convenience to external appearance.

The conversation naturally slid into observations and inquiries concerning Cumbrian landscape, with which the strangers seemed intimately acquainted, saying, that they lived at a distance, in a richer, but tame country, and always took a week or two about this season, to explore these wild and romantic beauties of Nature, which never failed of inspiring the most pleasing sensations in susceptible minds. From their conversation it was evident that they were not only well acquainted with the scenery, but were also possessed of taste, capable of appreciating and enjoying the sublimity of what they beheld. As they mentioned being thus far on their way to the vale of Keswick, Charles imagined himself fortunate in meeting them, as they would act the part of cicerone to him, who was a stranger; he therefore hinted his intention of pursuing the same route, and the pleasure he should feel if it were found convenient to travel in company. This half-expressed request was granted with a frank and easy polite-

ness, which made Charles felicitate himself still further in the acquisition of his new acquaintance ; and anticipating the pleasure of his tour, he for the present forgot the interesting but unknown lady.

Having indulged in a libation rather more freely than usual, for the sake of his new friends, they, when about to depart, proposed a much shorter road across the hills, which would also lead them to a most beautiful view early next morning, and there was a house on their way, where they could find very comfortable lodgings for the night.

Charles most readily submitted himself to their guidance, and they began to ascend a chain of hills, the summit of which was a bleak and barren moor. A thick fog set in, and a scene more dreary could not easily have been found, than that which they were now traversing ; but the strangers had that share of intelligence which serves to keep alive conversation ; they had also a stock of anecdote, and were exceedingly communicative, and the length

and dreariness of the way were beguiled, till evening began to close around them. Our travellers had now entered between two plantations of wood, risen to a considerable height, and by the fog which prevailed, no idea could be formed of their extent. It was now the dusk of evening, and a thick rain falling; all was gloomy and solitary around them. One of the strangers had attached himself to Charles in front, and the other to Dan, about eight or ten feet behind them; when just as they turned an angle, he who accompanied Charles suddenly sprung to a side, and struck Charles a violent blow on the head, with a knotted walkingstick. Similar treatment at the same moment had been intended for Dan by his associate; but Dan, who had for some time been suspicious of their companions, had kept his eye fixed upon the file before him, and observing the first movement of the villain who struck Charles, made a spring forward, and although not in time to arrest the blow, repaid it with interest; for by a stroke of his

stick, he entirely disabled the right arm of the ruffian, who dropped his cudgel on the ground, and shewed no inclination to resume it; Dan therefore immediately snatched it up, and flung it to a considerable distance in the thicket.

Charles was neither stunned nor levelled by the blow which he had received, and had just time to grasp and rear his sapling, to ward off another blow, aimed by the footpad in the rear. The first shewing no inclination to mingle further in the fray, Charles and Dan were both ready to oppose the other antagonist, who as speedily as he could clear his way through their brandished cudgels, consulted his safety by a precipitate retreat.

But Dan, much irritated, had no inclination to permit such an abrupt parting, and hastily saying—"Tak' care o' yoursel', Mr. Melville!" he ran with all his might after the ruffian, keeping ready to strike as soon as he came within reach. He had pursued about two hundred yards, when

the robber stumbled upon a stone, and before he could recover himself, received a blow from Dan's shillelah, that levelled him with the earth ; the blow was repeated before he could find breath to solicit mercy, which he now did in the most abject tone, affirming that his leg was broken by the fall. "*The tod rins nae langer than he has feet !*" said Dan, and taking his former precaution of tossing the fellow's bludgeon into the wood, he stood at some distance to observe his motions.

All this had passed in less time than has been employed in the relation ; when Dan saw that his victim made no attempt to rise, he proceeded to join Charles, who still kept the other ruffian in durance ; for he was able to make no resistance, his arm being fractured between the shoulder and the elbow.

When Dan learned the effects produced by his sapling, he said—"Od I was gues-sin' as muckle ; for I thought the stick jerkit thro' the bane, an' I heard it gi'e a crack like a kail castack ! Wad ye like

ony mair o't, my lad? I've gi'en your nibour twice the weight o't, an' I'll no mak' Stob's bairn o' you, an' ye ha'e no aneugh already !"

Although Dan's language was not very intelligible to the culprit, his attitude was sufficiently so ; he therefore humbly sued for mercy ; and as Charles said that he had received little injury, Dan was prevailed upon to refrain from further vengeance.

Our travellers now began to think what course they should steer ; for it was obvious that they had been intentionally led into this wild and sequestered track by the ruffians, who, though defeated in their purpose, might have confederates at a short distance. . They had seen no traces of human habitations for several miles as they had come along ; there was also considerable danger of losing their way on the heath in the dark ; it was therefore judged most prudent to push forward, and avail themselves of what might occur.

It was now very dark, rained heavily, and their path lay between thick woods, of which they knew not the termination : they spoke little, and that only in whispers, being most anxious to clear the wood. After more than half an hour's brisk travelling, they occasionally descried a light, glimmering through the trees at some distance before them ; but when they came opposite to this cheering ray, it seemed to twinkle from the interior of the wood. It was now almost midnight darkness, and the rain fell in torrents. They therefore determined to approach the light, and, if possible, obtain shelter from the storm. With considerable difficulty, they made their way through the thick and tangling underwood ; for the darkness prevented them from discovering whether there were any traces of a path : at length they found that the light proceeded from a cottage, at which they determined to knock ; but deemed that it might first be prudent to reconnoitre, by peeping at the window ; for this the dark-

ness was favourable ; and they beheld a tolerably snug furnished cottage, a cheerful wood fire blazing on the hearth, and an old woman moving about, apparently the only inhabitant.

Our travellers knocked at the door, to which no answer was made, and it was only after repeated calls, that a shrill voice called—"Who's there?"

"Two benighted travellers, who request the favour of shelter from the storm," replied Charles.

To this a reply was made, in a dialect of which at least one half was unintelligible; and it was as much from the tone in which it was delivered, as from the language employed, that they understood they could not be admitted. Their situation rendered them importunate, and they continued to entreat, then remonstrate, and ultimately to threaten, till at last the obdurate female, who seemed to have shaken off all that is amiable either in person or mind of her sex, reluctantly opened the door, muttering something that was

indistinctly heard and imperfectly understood, but which seemed to imply that they might come to regret their intrusion.

Our heroes (for Dan had now proved himself worthy of the title) had gone too far to recede, and therefore entered boldly; being very wet, they approached the fire, and while their clothes smoked, from the evaporation of the moisture with which they were saturated, endeavoured to draw their hostess into conversation, which she seemed as sedulously to avoid, busying herself about household affairs, still eyeing her guests with looks of no common import; but in as far as they could be interpreted, they seemed a compound of anger and anxiety, with something like pity occasionally softening the sterner passion, which darkened her eyes and knit her lowering brows.

Our travellers now began cautiously to examine the furniture of the room where they had found an asylum; from what they saw, it was obvious that it contained, or was visited by other inhabitants. There

were many articles of men's apparel hanging upon pegs ; fishing-nets, spears, gins, and snares, stood in corners, or hung upon the walls ; and a musket was suspended over the rustic mantle-piece ; a pack of dirty cards lay in the window-sill, and game of various kinds, apparently newly killed, hung in different places ; from all these indications, our heroes had no great reason to congratulate themselves upon the lodgement which they had effected. Their hostess seemed to watch every motion of their eyes ; and although strangers to fear, they were not devoid of apprehensions, either from her treachery, or the violence of those who might approach the cottage.

In passing through Edinburgh, Charles had purchased a pair of pocket pistols, which he had loaded and ready in a side pocket.

In the late rencontre the attack had been so sudden, and its termination so speedy, that he had no occasion to employ them, farther than in presenting them, while he

stood guard over the robber, when Dan was in pursuit of the other. Charles however now conceived that it was sound policy to exhibit such potent weapons of defence; and therefore began very deliberately to prime and examine them. While the old woman surveyed this, her looks became darker, and glancing her eye hastily at a shelf in the back part of the kitchen, her withered lip curled with the secret smile of contempt. This was not unobserved by Charles; and as she went for a moment into an adjoining closet, he started up, looked upon the shelf, and beheld a pair of large horse-pistols, and also a couple of daggers.

The wind was now blowing hard, and drove the pelting rain upon the window with the fury of a wintry tempest. They had been upwards of an hour in this strange house, the impatience and anxiety of their hostess evidently increasing every moment, when a slight noise without doors caught their ears, and the old woman immediately rushed out. Charles took his stand before

the shelf where so many deadly weapons were deposited, with a pistol in his hand ; while Dan, armed with the other pistol, stood with his back to the fire, as guard over the musket on the mantle-piece.

Voices were now heard at the door ; and after some apparent remonstrance, one exclaimed in a loud and threatening tone —“ We must enter, if the devil himself had possession !” Our travellers stood prepared for whatever might happen. The door was rudely pushed open—and the two ruffians whom they had left in the wood entered the room. The arm of one hung apparently motionless by his side, and with the other he supported his companion, who seemed unable to stand alone, and was with much difficulty conducted to a seat ; his ankle appeared much swelled, and he writhed in agony.

Dan looked upon both, and unable longer to keep silence, said—“ I’m thinkin’, lads, ye’ve found the truth o’ the auld by-word, that *tulziesome tykes come limpin’ hame !*”

Both of them looked upon our travellers with most malignant aspect; and he who was still standing said—"Why are you here? and wherefore that threatening attitude?"

"We took shelter from the storm," replied Charles, "and our previous experience of treachery has taught us to be upon our guard. However, as we have already had enough of each other's company, we shall now take our leave."

"The night is stormy, and you can now have nothing to fear from us; you had better remain where you are," said the ruffian, in a softer tone of voice, while the other winked to the old woman, who without speaking immediately went out.

"No, sir, we depart," said Charles.

"Well then, as I must walk to a surgeon to have my arm set, I will conduct you out of the wood, as a slight recompence for the delay we have occasioned you, in which you will easily perceive that we have met the worst."

"Come awa', Mr. Melville, instantly!"

cried Dan ; “ there’s mair mischief brewin’ in that chap’s noddle !” and turning to the robber, with a stern countenance, he cried, presenting the pistol—“ sit down, sir ! out bye there beside your nibour, this very minute, or I’ll toom my pistol in your harns !”

The fellow did not conceive it prudent to resist so peremptory a command, backed with so powerful an argument, and therefore took the station assigned him.

Dan now came up to Charles, saying—“ Come awa’, as lang’s the play’s at the best ; for if ony ane o’ thae chaps offer to budge his tae length, there will be dead men in a minute !”

Charles and Dan now walked out backwards, with their arms presented, and their eyes fixed upon the robbers. They were only a few paces from the door, when a large mastiff dog made a sudden spring at Charles, who by the light from the window happily saw his approach, and having just time to level his pistol at the animal’s head, shot him dead upon the spot.

“ *Ilka dog has his day,*” cried Dan; “ *but dinna lat the plough stand to kill a mouse*; we maun trust mair to our heels than to our hands, till ance we are fairly clear o’ thae hempies.”

In less than a minute after this, a musket was fired from the cottage window, Dan affirming that he heard the ball lodge in a tree on his right hand, and as a response to this, a shrill whistle was most distinctly heard at a short distance in the wood. There was no time for deliberation, and they plunged into the thicket, pushing forward as quickly as possible: their progress was for some time much impeded; however, they reached an open track, and by occasional glimpses of the cottage light through the trees, contrived to keep it behind them, reckless of the direction in which they proceeded, provided they could increase their distance from dangers, of which it was impossible to conjecture the magnitude.

The fury of the tempest seemed now to

be exhausted; it had ceased to rain, and the wind blew with less violence. It is only those who have been under similar excitement who can appreciate the delight which our travellers felt, upon reaching an open although desert country, and saw the pale and watery moon breaking from a dark cloud a little above the horizon.

Hitherto they had been silent, which Charles now ventured to break, saying they would pause to breathe a little, and he would re-load his pistol.

“Od, master, it’s been a queer gloamin this,” said Dan; “we maun look a wee sharper wha we tak’ up wi’. I had a gryte grudge o’ yon chaps a gay time afore the cullishangie happened, for I saw the tane winkin’ to the other; but yon hempy keepit sae close to you, an’ had sic a screed o’ palaver, that I could neither send a sign to your lug nor your ee; sae I could do naething but just look as gleg as possible.”

“You have exhibited both courage and prudence this evening, Dan; and it is

most probable that you have saved my life."

"Tut na, sir; ye wad ha'e managed them baith brawly, if ye hadna happened to get an uncanny straik; but ye're sae good yoursel' that ye've nae suspicion. Did you notice yon cripple rascal, whan his nibour was fleechin' us to bide in the cottage, how he winked to the auld carlin, wha slipped out at the door immediately?"

"I did not observe this."

"I had a better vizzy o' the chap's face, an' if he hadna sitten down whan he was bidden, he should ha'e found frost in't. Indeed, I had my finger upo' the tricker o' the pistol; but something within me said, 'He's no ready for death—let him live an' repent.' How an' a' be, this is the first trial in our new trade, or a bit of a brush for a beginnin', an' we come aye as weel off, we'll do brawly."

"But you forget that we are not out of the scrape yet; we have a long dark night and dreary wild still before us."

“ Weel, tho’ it be sae, we’re fairly warned now, an’ armed forby ; at any rate, we’ve little mair to dread frae yon billies ; sae we’ll just stap on, an’ try to find a bield for the night, an’ it should be but a barn an’ a pickle clean straw.”

Lights soon appeared at a distance, and as they imagined, far below them ; proceeding onward, they descended rapidly, and having reached the valley, soon found themselves in a village of considerable extent ; most part of the houses were dark, for it was now late, and they passed on in search of one whose inhabitants were more wakeful than the rest. Knocking at the first door where they saw light, our travellers were readily admitted, and ushered into a large kitchen, illuminated by a blazing fire, around which were seated several peasants, with a mantling jug on the table, at the outer end of which sat another, while a second was changing the hue of his black bushy beard by a plentiful application of soapsuds, preparatory to employing the razor, which he

appeared to wield with no small dexterity.

“Can we have any thing to eat and drink?” said Charles.

“What you please, gentlemen: that is to say, bacon and eggs, bread and cheese, beer, ale, and whiskey,” replied the barber, who they found was also the landlord.

Having ordered supper, a jug was called in; the landlord sat down, and in the course of conversation, they discovered that he was also village schoolmaster.

In a few minutes, a brawny rustic entered, with his face muffled up in a handkerchief, and in a hoarse tone bawling out—“Are you in, measter Crumpley? I’se no mysel’, an’ cud fratch wi’ the wind. I’se quite mazled, an’ bildered aw t’steen; luwk sic a feace, aw frae yen o’ my teeth; whoap im out, measter, for this is nobbit to mak’ yen ready for the kurk garth.” And the man writhed his face in agony.

The landlord, who they now found was the Dicky Gossip or Caleb Quotem of the village, seated the patient on a stool, and

with a rusty lancet began to clear the way for his operation ; the grappling-iron was fixed in a twinkling, and with a dexterity far exceeding what our travellers expected, the rural dentist by one jirk dragged the offender from his den, exhibiting him in his palm, to the great delight of the gaping patient.

While Charles and Dan were busily employed with a plate of excellent bacon and eggs, a tap was heard at the door, and the landlord's call of " Come in !" only produced a repetition of the tap. The landlord walked out ; a conversation took pace at the door, in which the landlord was heard to say—" I have no other room—you must just come in here ;" and to the no small surprise of our heroes, he ushered in their *quondam* friend with the fractured arm. He immediately observed them, and seated himself right opposite, that he might watch their motions ; after which he requested Mr. Crumpley's assistance in reducing the fracture, and affecting much courage, he raised the crippled limb as

high as pain and inflammation would permit. He appeared to be acquainted with the company, and in reply to their inquiries concerning the accident, told them, it was occasioned by a fall, at the same moment looking our travellers broad in the face.

The operator set to work, and after some inspection exclaimed—"Wounds, man, it's not only broken, but smashed! I fear there's been a match at quarter-staff in the play here!"

"Well, do your office—that's all!" growled the cripple, in a surly tone.

From the time that had elapsed, the operation was both tedious and painful, but the patient bore all without one contortion of face. When finished, he called for a jug of ale, joined the company in talking of the news, shewing no disposition to depart, and it was obvious that he wished to see his old friends away before him. Charles guessing his intentions, and uncertain who or what they might meet without doors, told the landlord that he and his compa-

nion were to stop for the night; but was informed they could have no bed.—“ Well, no matter—we shall do very well here; fill the jug!” cried Charles, with a careless air.

Dan darted many an indignant glance at the lame ruffian, and appeared like a mastiff upon his chain, growling internally because he cannot reach his prey.

The landlord having occasion to pass behind Charles with a candle, saw his neckcloth covered with blood, which produced an exclamation of surprise, and an inquiry what had caused the effusion.

Charles uncovered his head and shewed the wound, requesting Mr. Crumpley to dress it.

“ Some friend has favoured you with that,” said the barber-surgeon.

“ Oh no, it was a fall—like your friend there!” said Charles, laughing.

“ I believe you, sir; it has been the fall of a knotted cudgel from a willing arm,” said Mr. Crumpley.

The company began to look grave, directing sly glances at each other, and also

upon the fellow with the fractured arm, who affected a gaiety which every one perceived was assumed: finding the conversation more reserved, and seeing no one inclined to rise, he took his departure. Many observations of a mysterious nature were now made, and inuendoes thrown out, from which it was clear that the company knew more of the man who had gone out than they were inclined to explain. They also seemed a little more shy with Charles and Dan, since the discovery of his wound, of which it was evident he had given an evasive account.

Charles conceiving it possible that his silence and an air of mystery might be productive of future trouble, called in a bowl of toddy, inviting the company to participate; and then with good-humoured indifference, pointing to Dan, said—“There, Mr. Crumpley, is the friend who provided a job for you to-night—he is the bone-breaker. The fellow just gone out, it seems, lives in or visits a cottage in the woods on the height, some miles distant.

We were attacked by his dog, whom I shot, in self-defence; his master broke my head, and in retaliation, my friend there let his stick fall on his arm."

The company expressed their full belief in all that they had heard; but seemed to think that something remained untold. Mr. Crumpley remarked that he had observed Dan knitting his brows and twisting his mouth at the gallows-face—"For," said he, "that's his road and his neighbour's too."

The party present then counselled Charles not to leave his present quarters before daylight, as the fellow, although lame, had confederates. The company of these honest rustics was purchased by another bowl--the landlord, by his humour and versatility of talent, contributing highly to their entertainment.

When morning diffused her smile over the eastern sky, our travellers procured a direction to the nearest town, where a postchaise could be had; walked on briskly, reached the stage, breakfasted,

and proceeded to Keswick, where there was so much to interest the lover of nature. Charles was delighted with the *tout ensemble*, and even Dan could not suppress his admiration. From this they proceeded by easy stages, and without further adventure arrived at Liverpool.

As Charles did not wish to present himself at head-quarters till he should be rather more cleanly equipped, he waited for his trunk, which arrived next day; upon opening which, the first article that presented itself was an extra-small and elegantly-bound Bible, on the blank page of which was written—"From Ellen Wallace, with her blessing to Charles Melville;" below was also written—"Search the Scriptures." In the Bible was a letter of the following tenor:—



"DEAR CHARLES, CHILD OF MY HEART,
 "Although fully convinced that it is time for you to enter upon active life, yet there is so much of the *woman*—why

should I not say the *mother*?—about me, that I cannot think of your departure, without feelings which I am ashamed to shew and unable to disguise. When I first took you under my protection, it was from a sense of duty; but you insensibly twined yourself about my heart, and I have long loved you with all the fondness and tenderness of a mother; and if I have in any part failed in discharging that sacred trust, I entreat that you will have the goodness to attribute it to the weakness of my judgment, and not to the want of maternal affection. The circumstances which first placed you under my care gave you strong and peculiar claims upon my kindness; but as your mind expanded, your own sense of the situation in which you were placed in the world, and your attachment to my husband and me, were such, that we must have renounced all the feelings that do honour to human nature, not to have loved you with the fondest regard; and although I hope and trust that you will yet discover the parents who

gave you birth, and that they will be every way worthy of such a son, yet I question much if Nature herself, powerful as she is, can instantaneously inspire an affection so strong, so tender, as mine, the foundation of which was laid nearly eighteen years ago, and has continued to grow, till, rooted in the heart so deeply, that death alone can dissolve the tie. Yet, when you shall find your mother, with her most cheerfully will I divide your heart, satisfied that it contains space for both. Indeed I am convinced that it has already admitted another object, but not a rival in your attachment to me; for that to her who holds a place in your heart is of a very different nature, yet both are perfectly compatible, and may each cherish and promote the other.

“I had intended that this should be a long letter of sage and matronly advice; but I find it is more easy to plan than to execute; besides, I am at present too much under the influence of impassioned feeling for discharging so important a duty. I

will therefore only say, remember all that I have endeavoured to impress upon your mind—your duty to God, to your neighbour, and to yourself; by a proper discharge of the two first, the last will best be promoted—indeed the first comprehends the whole. You are now to mingle in society, in a sphere where considerable freedom of conduct prevails; but, my dear Charles, I beg of you to recollect that association often produces assimilation, and that occasional indulgences grow into confirmed habits; and these, if of a vicious nature, disgrace the man, impair the constitution, and contaminate the mind. No man becomes wicked all at once, and the progress in vice is often like descending a gently-inclined plane, where the declivity upon the space under our eye is so slight as to be almost imperceptible, and it is only when arrived at the bottom, and looking back to the summit, that we see how far we have descended.—Perhaps this will be still better illustrated by calling to

your recollection two paths in the pleasure-grounds of Beechwood: one conducts you in a straight line to the gate; the other for some time appears almost parallel, and diverges so gradually, that the deviation is scarcely perceived till having proceeded to a considerable distance, you have not only lost sight of the straight path, but find yourself travelling in a very opposite direction. Feeling myself incapable of saying what I wish, but not the less anxious to impress upon your mind principles the most conducive to your best interests and lasting happiness, I accompany this by a book, which I trust you already esteem sufficiently, as to prevent its requiring my recommendation; still permit me to entreat that it may meet your earnest attention, as the rule of your religious faith and moral practice; and to assure you, from experience, that it is the best companion in prosperity, and a friend that will speak comfort in the day of adversity. That its precepts may ever regulate your conduct, its Author be your constant pro-

tector, and its promises your lasting portion, is the sincere prayer of,

“ MY EVER DEAR CHARLES,

“ Your most affectionate mother,

“ ELLEN WALLACE.”

CHAPTER IV.



I can smile, and murder when I smile ;
 And cry content, to that which grieves my heart ;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears ;
 And frame my face to all occasions.

SHAKESPEARE.

Two Faces under One Hood.

CHARLES having put himself, as he believed, in proper dress for making his first appearance at head-quarters, called and delivered his letters of introduction to major Colville and captain Gordon, both of whom received him with much politeness.

The major had about him an air and manner which evinced a consciousness of his rank and dignity, and that his condescension was a favour, which would the more readily be granted in proportion to the gratitude and humility with which it

was received. His reception of Charles, although it exhibited a degree of affability rather unusual with him, was cold and formal in the opinion of our hero, who had formed his judgment of military officers from his knowledge of colonel Melville, forgetting that he was yet entirely a stranger to major Colville.

Captain Gordon appeared to be a generous warm-hearted man, and shook Charles by the hand with a fervour which gave additional impulse to the tide which flowed in his veins.—“It is to the friendship of colonel Melville that I owe my present rank and happiness in the army,” said captain Gordon; “and I should be most ungrateful to my best benefactor to neglect any one whom he condescends to patronize; but infinitely more so, when he, as in the present case, recommends his *protégé* as one worthy of my esteem and warmest friendship. I will therefore, in the mean time, be your sincere friend upon account of colonel Melville, and

trust that I shall soon love you upon your own."

The candour and warmth of this speech made a due impression upon our hero, who replied—" Captain Gordon, I most sincerely thank you; and beg to assure you, that it shall be my study to merit your good opinion; but I am a young man, not only ignorant of my duty, but almost an entire stranger to the world, and even to myself; will you condescend to be my Mentor? you may perhaps find me dull, but shall not, I trust, have occasion to complain of me as an indolent or obstinate pupil."

" I will undertake the office with great pleasure, for I find you have gained two important stages already, in being conscious of your ignorance and anxious to acquire knowledge."

" Does colonel Melville mention Dan Norval in his letter?"

" He does; and speaks highly of his fidelity and attachment to you; adding, that he himself is under most important

obligations to Dan.—Be assured he shall meet due attention.”

“ Permit me then, sir, to add, that since we left home, I have had an opportunity of proving his courage and prudence, in an affair of rather a serious nature ; but the blunt sincerity of his manner, and uncouth provincial dialect, will, I am afraid, be productive of consequences not always pleasant to himself.”

“ The first I hope he will always retain, the last will slide away imperceptibly.”

Captain Gordon got Charles placed in respectable lodgings, and took every opportunity of shewing his friendship, with an ease and frankness which gained upon the heart of our hero. Major Colville thought he behaved kindly to Charles, who on the other hand only reckoned him civil ; saying, mentally—“ Major Colville may gain my respect, but captain Gordon has won my heart !” On the first evening after his introduction, Charles wrote to his friends at Glenthorn, well knowing how

anxious they would be to hear from him. The knowledge of his being a *protégé* of colonel Melville, and the attention shewn to him by the major and captain Gordon, established his claim to respectability in the regiment, which was soon confirmed by the modesty and propriety of his own conduct. He made rapid progress in acquiring a knowledge of his profession; and his own good sense, aided by his friend the captain, soon initiated him in the etiquette of a military mess-room; in all which he acquitted himself so well, that he every day rose in the estimation of major Colville.

Dan felt his transition more perceptibly; his mind, as he said, was made up to the duties of his station; for the unremitted fatigue of drilling in the awkward squad he was fully prepared, and he abstracted his attention so much from every other subject, that his duty became every day lighter; and his dexterity in the manual exercise called forth the plaudits of the drill-serjeant. But the conduct of

many with whom he was obliged to associate was repulsive to his feelings; he could not drink, loathed to hear swearing, and had not yet seen one whom he could venture to consider as a friend. Captain Gordon, however, had not forgotten him, and the recommendation of colonel Melville being corroborated by the serjeant of Dan's division, it was so arranged that he had a companion more suited to his taste than most of those in the corps; by this means his situation became more agreeable, and he was gradually inured to a military life.

Liverpool had for a considerable time past been the head-quarters of the regiment; the officers were of course well acquainted with and generally much respected by the inhabitants, being often invited to parties where there were to be found almost every variety of attraction—such as elegant entertainment, youthful beauty, polished manners, and intellectual endowments. In such parties Charles often had the gratification of seeing that his

entrance could spread a deeper glow upon the cheek and give additional lustre to the eyes of the blushing fair; and could he have forgotten Beechwood and Emma Melville, Love and Beauty would have combined to banish every care. He was not insensible to the charms with which he was often surrounded; but they were to him as fine pictures only, which delight the eye, without touching the heart; or if they did, it was by calling up associations of ideas which rested upon Emma Melville.

Although Liverpool had not then reached the extent of commercial opulence, or shewn that respect for literature and science which it has since exhibited—although it could not then boast of a Roscoe—yet there were to be found many possessed of literary taste, improved by good education; and Charles formed some associations which enabled him to spend his leisure hours with much rational pleasure.

He one evening supped in a private

house with a small party, to most of whom he was a stranger; among these was a Mr. Graham, who seemed to notice Charles with peculiar attention, rivetting his eyes upon him as if he would penetrate into his heart. By some movements in the company, this gentleman found an opportunity of seating himself next to our hero, and soon contrived to engage his attention. Mr. Graham had received a good education, and after considerable success as a merchant, had made several voyages to Africa, not as a shipmaster, but acting as his own supercargo, in that most infamous trade so long the disgrace of Britain, but now happily, and we trust for ever abolished. By acting as a dealer in human flesh, Mr. Graham had picked up a handsome fortune, and had now retired to enjoy the fruits of his labours. He had always been a man of keen observation, and given to reading in early life. His intercourse with Africa and the West Indies had added much to his general information; hence, with a retentive memory, a specious address, and na-

tural elocution, he could not fail of rendering himself an agreeable, even an interesting companion.

Although an unsophisticated child of humanity might have felt his heart recoil from any approach to intimacy with a man who had risen to affluence by such means, yet so much of the trade and wealth of Liverpool depended upon this horrid traffic, and so many were interested in its still further extension, that no odium was attached to the degrading pursuit; and it was equally honourable to be owner of an African slave-ship, as of a Baltic merchantman—so far does habit indurate our feelings, and pervert our perceptions, concerning the immutable laws of right and wrong.

Charles had been much pleased in the conversation he had held with Mr. Graham, who shewed himself not less delighted with the company of our hero, whom before parting he addressed, saying—“I am an old bachelor, and my house is Liberty Hall; I have a few select friends who assist me in passing my evenings; will you

permit me to do myself the pleasure of adding you to the number?" Had Charles been acquainted with the particulars of Mr. Graham's history, which we have related, his heart would have spurned the association; but ignorant of all this, having met him in so respectable society, and above all the pleasantness of Mr. Graham's manner, and the fascination of his conversation, Charles considered the request as a compliment, to which he gave a modest but willing assent.

Soon after Charles received a card of invitation to supper at Havannah (the name of Mr. Graham's house), in the immediate vicinity of the town. The party was select, Charles was delighted, and his new friend rose still higher in his esteem. Mr. Graham appeared not less attached, and as they met often at libraries and other public places, they were now intimately acquainted.

Exclusive of often joining parties at Havannah, Charles repeatedly supped there *tête-à-tête* with his friend, and these

he always found the most interesting ; for Mr. Graham had an insinuating address, which gained imperceptibly upon the heart ; his stores of information commanded the attention of Charles ; while his good sense and fine sentiments had their influence in fascinating the mind. By throwing out shrewd observations, making sage reflections, and occasionally venturing to give gentle admonitions, pleading his experience and friendship for Charles as excuses for his freedom, he so completely gained upon the confidence of our hero, as to obtain the history of his life ; not only the account of the obscurity which enveloped his birth, but the incident of the shipwrecked young man, and every remarkable particular which he himself knew, from what he had heard related concerning the woman who deserted him ; and the tale was concluded by shewing the watch, as a kind of forlorn hope upon which his filial affections still rested : this Mr. Graham enjoined him to keep most carefully ; but at the same time cautioned him to preserve

his own secret in the regiment, lest it should be the means of leading him into disagreeable altercations with men, who piquing themselves upon the pride of birth, might be mean enough to hold ungenerous language to him. The wisdom and friendship which seemed to dictate this counsel, and the sympathy which Mr. Graham expressed for the mysterious situation of his friend, still increased the intimacy which subsisted between them, and captain Gordon was almost neglected.

One evening, Charles had engaged himself for a hit at backgammon with his friend at Havannah; while they were engaged in the game, a stranger entered, who was introduced as Mr. O'Connor, a Dublin merchant; he staid supper, was talkative and easy, with all the vivacity incident to his country. Mr. Graham kept the glasses in circulation rather more quickly than usual, urging that he seldom had the pleasure of having two such respected friends together; they laughed, rattled and sported wit, till something said by

Charles was construed by Mr. O'Connor into a reflection upon his country.—It was in vain that Charles affirmed that nothing of the kind was intended ; the other would listen to no explanation ; and insisted upon such an apology as he should dictate, or the satisfaction of a gentleman ; and these demands were made in language which left no alternative. Mr. Graham interfered, but all his attempts at conciliation were abortive ; his eloquence seemed only like oil applied to quench fire ; and Mr. O'Connor repeated his challenge, in terms of still greater acrimony than before. Cards were exchanged, and a meeting appointed early next morning ; after which both departed to make what arrangements they might think necessary—Charles having previously engaged Mr. Graham as his second on the occasion.

Anxious that it should remain a secret in the regiment, until the affair was terminated, he sat down and wrote letters to captain Gordon, colonel Melville, and Mr. Angus, leaving them where they could be

most readily seen, in the event of his returning no more. Instead of going to bed, he sat in a chair and walked in his room alternately, ruminating upon the consequences that might follow the appointment he had made. Of himself he thought only as connected with his friends; Ellen, Emma, and the interesting stranger, the mysterious Amelia, all appeared to his imagination. He sat down at the table, pulled Emma's picture from his bosom, gazing upon it with feelings which those who have fondly and faithfully loved will easily conceive; to those who have not, any attempt to delineate the workings of his mind would only be writing in an unknown tongue.

The world and all its honours he was ready to resign without a sigh; but as he gazed upon the melting softness that beamed in the eye, and the delicate smile of innocence and love which seemed to animate the miniature on which his eyes were rivetted, his heart throbbed, his eyes became dim, and the gushing tears fell

upon the glass of the picture, which he still continued to contemplate, till starting to his feet, he pressed it warmly to his lips, saying—"Oh Emma ! is this my last adieu ?" and he again deposited the picture in his bosom.

He now thought of the advice which he had received from Mr. Angus ; and whether his present purpose was consonant to the laws of that God, whom although he sometimes forgot, he never thought of but with reverential awe.

The only apology that he could offer to himself was, that he had neither sought nor provoked the quarrel ; that his place in society obliged him to accept the challenge ; and having formed the resolution which was to regulate his own conduct in the affair, he fell upon his knees, imploring the pardon of Heaven for thus exposing his life ; praying for blessings upon all those that were dear to him in the world, and for that protection for himself, which could counteract the wrath, and overrule the angry passions of men.

His mind was now calm, and with much composure he walked to Havannah, from whence he and his friend proceeded to the place of meeting, where his antagonist appeared a few minutes after. Mr. O'Connor's second said, that as his principal was the challenger, his antagonist had a right to the first fire; but this preference was refused by Charles, who insisted that they should toss up for it, which was done, and won by O'Connor; twelve paces were measured off; O'Connor fired, and the ball slightly grazed Charles's epaulet, who immediately fired his pistol in the air, saying—"Mr. O'Connor, are you now satisfied?"

"Yes, sir," said the latter; "you are too generous!" and walking up he took Mr. Melville's hand, which he shook with a warmth and pressure which rather surprised our hero, who however attributed it to the strong feelings peculiar to Mr. O'Connor's country.

Mr. Graham now proposed that the affair should be kept quiet, as it seemed to

have passed unobserved. To this proposition all present agreed; and Charles returning to his lodgings, offered devout and grateful thanks for his preservation, and then destroyed the letters he had left for his friends in the event of a fatal result.

Some engagements prevented his seeing Mr. Graham for several days; and at their next meeting, that gentleman spoke with much resentment of Mr. O'Connor's fiery temper, expressing deep regret that Charles should have been placed in such danger by a hot-headed Irishman, who after all was a fine fellow, only a little too warm in the temper.—“He is returned to Ireland,” said Mr. Graham, “and requests to be kindly remembered to you, but was ashamed to see you again, after his unwarrantable rashness and your romantically generous return. You are a fine fellow, Melville, but are yet a stranger to the world, which you will find is no romance; and should you continue to act upon similar principles, the fools and knaves will be too many for you, and you will find abun-

dance of both to jostle you in your journey through life ; the chance is, that either the one or the other will cross your path every day ; you must therefore, for your own ease and safety, learn to laugh at the one, and kick the other, the moment that either become impertinent. By the bye, my dear fellow, although I wish by all means to avoid raising visionary hopes that may end in nothing, yet I must tell you, that there is a *possibility*, I almost flatter myself that it is a *probability*, of my discovering your parents. I would not have mentioned this in its present uncertain state, but that I wish to ascertain the dates of the leading circumstances which you told me, and I could not ask these without assigning a reason."

These were gladly furnished by Charles, and noted by Mr. Graham, who again cautioned his young friend not to allow his hopes to be too far elevated, lest they should be disappointed ; Charles was fully convinced that this was rational advice ; still he could not avoid indulging in day-dreams, and racking his

mind with restless anxiety on this most interesting subject.

The intercourse between him and Mr. Graham continued ; but the latter still refused to condescend upon any particulars, till he should be able to speak with more certainty. Meeting Charles one day in the street, he said—" My dear friend, I expect a letter by next post, which I wish to shew you ; as it will either add to our hopes, or crush the fabric which my imagination has been fondly raising for your happiness. Can you sup with me to-morrow evening ?"

" Most certainly," replied Charles, and they parted.

Never was Charles so impatient to see the sun go down, as he was on that important evening ; and he arrived at Havannah earlier than usual. He saw by the disappointment on his friend's face, that either the letter was not arrived, or that their hopes were blighted in the bud.— " Courage, my dear fellow !" cried Mr. Graham, " we must have patience ; my

friend has not written in course; he may have been absent on business; or what seems most probable, endeavouring to obtain more authentic information on the subject."

He then turned the conversation into another channel, was more than usually talkative and cheerful, by which it was later than common before Charles took his departure. As he turned the corner of Havannah park-wall, he was collared by two fellows, one of whom snatched at his watch; for obvious reasons, Charles had it fastened into his fob in a peculiar manner, and the chain being strong, the footpad was foiled in the attempt. Charles, by a well directed blow, had felled down one of the ruffians; but the noise of some persons coming up made both take to their heels.

Next evening Charles went again to Havannah, still anxious to see the expected letter; Mr. Graham was out, but had left orders that Charles should wait his return, which took place soon after. When Charles mentioned the attack which had

been made upon him last night, Mr. Graham expressed much surprise and indignation; blaming him for not using his sword, and saying, that this was now a second proof of his having too much humanity.—“But,” said Mr. Graham, “as no harm has been done, let the subject pass. The gentleman from whom I expected a letter is in town; I have just now left him; we talked much of your affair, and although the case is involved in mystery, we have both sanguine hopes of ultimate success. He wished to have seen you, but is unavoidably engaged; however, he requested that I would procure him a sight of the watch, when he would be able to form an opinion, and would endeavour to see you soon, provided circumstances turn out according to expectation. If you therefore leave the watch with me, it will be returned to you to-morrow evening.”

Whether it was the previous attack that had been made upon Charles, or any other cause, is not known; but his prudence took the alarm, and he replied—

“Mr. Graham, I trust you will credit my sincerity, when I say, that I could have no hesitation in trusting you with this (to me) important relic; and I beg that you will excuse my candour in saying, that I have long ago adopted a rule, never to let this watch out of my own possession; I wish therefore it could be made convenient to meet your friend, which I will do at any place and hour he may be pleased to appoint. You may think me too timid; but as the watch would have to pass into other hands than yours, I trust you will excuse me.”

“Most certainly, Mr. Melville; you know I have always recommended prudence; although I am afraid that in the present instance, my friend, the baronet, may consider your caution as indicating a want of confidence either in him or me—but you are the best judge in your own affairs, and I have perhaps been too officious in my solicitude to serve you.”

Charles saw that Mr. Graham was of-

VOL. III. G

fended, or at any rate disappointed ; and endeavoured still further to apologize, which his friend at last declared to be quite satisfactory ; he however appeared thoughtful and absent during the evening, and instead of accounting for, tried every possible means to disguise his embarrassment.

While at supper, a letter was brought in sealed with black ; without leaving the room, Mr. Graham tore it open, and perused it with much apparent emotion. When finished, he said—“ This announces the death of a dear friend ; I trust you will make the necessary allowance for me,” and he sat as if lost in thought ; the feelings that his countenance indicated, it was not easy to interpret ; but they appeared to be of no gentle nature. Oftener than once, Charles had detected his eye fixed on him, with secret, but insidious glance ; and without being able to assign any satisfactory reason to himself, he became suspicious of the friend in whom he had placed so much confidence, and to whom he had been so warmly attached.

It was obvious that Mr. Graham was struggling with emotions of a most powerful nature; he arose, saying—"Dear sir, excuse me for a little; I shall return in a few minutes." During his absence, Charles continued to ruminate on the strange abstraction so obvious in Mr. Graham's manner; and the agitation in which he appeared upon his return, still added to the perplexity of our hero. Charles, although pressed to stay, took his leave, and when Mr. Graham shook his hand at parting, Charles felt that he trembled much, and that the "Good night!" almost stuck in his throat.

When Charles was within about a quarter of a mile from his lodgings, as he passed a dark lane, he observed a man muffled in a great-coat, with a mask on his face, who instantly discharged a pistol at him; but most fortunately, in glancing at the mask, our hero had not observed an inequality in his path, which made him stumble at the instant, and by this incident the ball

passed through the feather in his hat. The assassin ran up the dark lane, and Charles did not think it prudent to follow him; but proceeded home, his mind bewildered concerning this mysterious attempt; for it was evident that assassination, and not robbery, had been intended. The behaviour of Mr. Graham during the evening had perplexed his mind; and he could not now help suspecting some connexion between that and the attack made upon him; that of the former evening also occurred to his mind, and although that was only an attempt at robbery, yet when he recollected Graham's proposition for obtaining possession of the watch, a possibility of all these events having some affinity to each other stole over his mind. But no; it could not be! Mr. Graham had accounted for his abstraction by the death of his friend; and what motive could he have for all this? or rather, why should so kind, so benevolent a friend be for a moment suspected of promoting or abetting actions of such atrocity? Charles almost loathed himself,

for indulging an idea so derogatory to the character of a gentleman; still he could not shake off the impression which had intruded itself upon his mind. He retired to bed, and after much cogitation, resolved to communicate the whole to captain Gordon in the morning, and ask his advice.

Next day, immediately after parade, and before Charles had found an opportunity of speaking to his friend the captain, the following letter was put into his hands, by a boy, who immediately disappeared.

“ SIR,

“ Beware—you tread upon a mine—the robbers that attacked you at Havannah Park were the tools of another. It was your watch, and that only, which they wanted.—You were fired at last night, and your life is still in danger. You fought a duel with a man, who had not even for a moment taken offence at you. It was wished and expected that you were to fall in that rencontre, for your antagonist was an impostor—but in that instance

not a villain—for he *could* have aimed better. It is to your generosity in that affair that you are indebted for this warning. Trust not to professions of friendship, and fair appearances. Your enemy is also mine; but he has me in his toils, from which I cannot escape. I am certain that he has an interest—a deep interest in your death, although I know not how. My life is in your hands—but I know you to be a man of honour; for were your enemy and mine to see this letter, it would involve a family in ruin, and seal the fate of him who was, for one night,

“ A DUBLIN MERCHANT.”

Upon perusing this document, Charles was struck with astonishment; it was now evident that Graham was a villain; that the mystery which hung over the birth of Charles was known to him; and that he was interested in preventing it from being discovered. Our hero lost no time in communicating the whole to captain Gor-

don, who was the only friend whom he could consult; for major Colville, although always civil, and even friendly to Charles, kept at such distance, and had something so repulsive even in his gentlest and most condescending mood, that Charles could not intrude upon him for advice in his private affairs. Captain Gordon and Charles were equally at a loss what steps to take; it was evident to both, that Graham wished the death of that man whose company he had courted, and whose confidence he had gained. It was then arranged, that as Charles had a fair pretext for waiting upon Graham, they should both call at Havannah that evening, make their observations, and act according to circumstances. They made their call about the usual hour, and were told by a servant, that Mr. Graham was gone for London. This only added to their amazement, and served to confirm all of which they had accused him. But captain Gordon requested Charles to beware, for that was probably a feint, to throw him off his guard, that Graham,

whom he suspected of still being in Liverpool, might effect his purpose with the greater facility.

CHAPTER V.

~~~~~

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
 Some banished lover or some captive maid :  
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,  
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires ;  
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. POPE.

### *Love and Friendship.*

MR. Graham did not appear at any place of public resort, and as our hero heard nothing, he began to feel easier ; although the conviction of his parents being known to this man, still rendered his mind anxious upon the subject. He had now been about three months in Liverpool, during which, till very lately, his time had passed in the most agreeable manner. Being in lodg-

ings, he had little occasion for the services of Dan, whom he did not wish to detach from the duties of his new profession; although Dan made it a constant rule to call every day, inquiring whether he had any commands; and Charles, upon his part, had continued to act upon a plan, by which something was added to the comforts of his humble and faithful adherent, who was now in some degree accustomed to the restraints of a military life; for of its hardships and privations he was yet ignorant. Although now in the situation which had been his own deliberate choice, and with the friend whom he preferred to all others, yet his imagination would sometimes carry him back to Glenthorn; who and what he thought of there, will appear from the following letter to his friend David Nicol.

---

“*Liverpool, December 3, 1774.*

“DEAR DAVID,

“You are no doubt thinking that I had forgot you; but there you are

wonderfully wrong; for I often think about you and others too, not far from you; although God only knows if I shall ever see you all again. I had several reasons for not writing to you sooner, first, because it's a thing I don't like; for my genies, if I have any, does not lye that way; second, when I writ to my sister, I desired her to remember me to you, and tell you that I was well; and third, I wisht to have something to say about liking my tread, when I did write. Dear Davie man, this is such a change of life that it's like another world; instead of the cock crowing, I am wakened by the rattle of the drum; and instead of joggin atween the plough stilts, hearkening to the laverock whistling above my head, I am deaved with the fife skirling in my lugs, while I must stand or gang, haap or wind, at the word of command, just as I used to do with my pair of horse. Yet I ought not to complain; for I knew all this before I came here, therefore *reavers should na be ruers*; and I must *ride the ford as I find it*. But I

am now near hand master of the ekersise, and I have never gotten a tip with a cane, and the dreel serjant has not never said so much as *black was the e'e in my head* to me. Mr. Melville is so kind too, I think he has spoken a good word for me, or it's like I might not have been so well off. I am sure you will be happy to hear that we are both in good health ; thanks to a kind Providence, that preserved us when in great danger, of the which I shall tell you before I close my letter, if I have room. But I am thinking very long to hear from you, with all the news ; and hoping this will find you all in good health, that is, yourself, Mr. and Mrs. Angus, and Susan Tait. May Heaven bless and prosper you all, in your several situations ! I hope Mr. Angus has a fine crop, all housed in good order ; that Mrs. Angus is still as active and merry as ever ; and you whistling behind your brown horse ; and that Susan Tait is again begun to sing "The broom o' the Cowdenknows." She was looking poorly when I left you ; when



you write, be sure and tell me if she has recovered her health and spirits; and if she has gotten her cherry cheek again, and the blithe blink with her eye. You will perhaps think I am very particular about her; but indeed I have not no reason, except that I wish her well and happy, as I'm sure I do all of you; when you get an opportunity, remember me kindly to her; but you need not let no other person hear this; and say that—but I believe it will be as well to say no more.

“Oh, David, there is many strange things here, such wonderful ongoings as you could never imagine; a great multitude of shipping, and how do you think many of them are employed? you could never guess; they go to Africa, the country of the neegers, and bring them to the West India islands, in whole ship-loads, and sell them for slaves, the same as you do sheep in a market; and would you believe it, the men who do this are rich and in great esteem here. Oh, David, do you think that the blessing of the Almighty can be with

riches of that kind? they are gotten by firststealing and then selling their brethren. I have heard such stories among the sailors, as would make your flesh creep, and the hair on your head stand; and what is wonderful to me, they laugh when they tell them. Surely that trade hardens the heart, and yet I wonder how they can sleep in their beds. I cannot give you a description of the town, not having capacity, and besides, I go very little out; for although there is good discipline in the regiment, yet after all, David, sogers are a rough set; and that is the only thing that makes me think shame of my coat. They drink and swear in such a way as you would never imagine, and go also to houses, that you and me would think the high road to destruction, such as the Beggars' Bield in Shuttledale, where Moggy Hillocks treats her friends; they mock me, and call me a Methodist, because I will not join them; and even the women, who are indeed bonny, have tried to intice me; but their impudence disgusts me, and when any of

them smiles with the appearance of modesty, I generally say to myself—‘Lead us not into temptation,’ and think of her who is maybe not thinking of me, and turn my back as fast as possible.

“There is a great difference of their religion here; they read all their prayers, and the people pray with the minister; and although I see some who say the words as we used to do our questions at the school, without minding what they are saying, yet I must own I like their method of worship. I have gotten a prayer-book, and find great benefit from it; for I often wished to pray, but was sadly at a loss for words, in which I could dare to speak to the Almighty; and that kept me silent, when my heart would have prayed; but I now find words put down by wise men, in which I can pray for a blessing, and offer thanks for mercies; indeed I find prayers fit for every occasion, and like the book very much, although I can see no use for so many saints in it. Their organs too, I do not approve, and yet there is

some notes that I think gang to my heart. You will not wonder at what I have said about not finding words, when I tell you, that I think shame to speak here, they mock me so much with my Scots twang. I have tried to speak English, but find that I must give it up for a bad job, as the minister did with the plough holding, when he fell upon his face in the furrow, and went home with a bloody nose: besides, I do not think that fine words make wise men; for there are scores of men here, who can speak as if they were parlymentars, and after all, have not so much wit as a cow could hold in her *steekit nieve*.

“ Mr. Melville and me have had some curious adventures; I shall mention but one, although I could tell you far better about it at the fireside. You see, Mr. Melville and me being both good pedestrums, we set out for the lakes of Cumberland. Well, one afternoon we fell in with two chaps who pretended acquaintance with every place, and had such gift of gab, that we were delighted with their

company; for a near road, they led us o'er hills, that Cairnconan, or the hill of Dunbarrow, would be mere hillocks to: and then we came to a muir, that the muckle muirof Manroman would look like a sheepfold beside it. The gloamin grew misty, and we got between two plantings, when one of the kelpies came over my master's crown with a rung; the other was ettling at me, but missed his mark; although we did not miss them; for before you could have said six, one of them had his arm wagging like a flail, and the other could not stand on his legs. We left them there, and took shelter in the first house; for it was as dark as if we had been in the forbidden cave, the rain was pouring down in hale water, and the wind was making the woods rair. This was a queer house, and we saw much that we did not like. In a little the twa chaps came in at our heels; but we had our pistols cockit. Careless about their company, we stepped out, whan a tyke near as big as two of your Elliot, was just ready to worry us both;



but Mr. Melville sent a bullet through his barns; the rascals fired after us, but we made the best of our way through the wood. When we next halted, it was with a kind of a doctor chap, a Jack-of-all-trades, such another as Geordie Duncan, that makes the whiskey; in came the chap with the broken arm, wanting to get it spliced; he looked right blue when he saw us. I girmed at him, and even took an opportunity of letting him see my fist folded; Mr. Melville also gave him some dry bobs, so that he left the company. I could tell you much more, but find my paper is near done. Write to me when this comes to hand; take the trouble to see my sister, and tell her I am well; tell me about Mr. and Mrs. Angus, Susan Tait, and your own Mary; *distance does not drown friendship*, therefore remember me to all these, and any other that thinks me worth inquiring for. Direct to me in captain Gordon's company, who is the best gentleman I know, always excepting my master, colonel Melville, and Mr. An-

gus. He has spoken to me several times, and said that I would make a fine soger, for I was always clean and sober; next to my master, I am earnest to have his good opinion, and will try to deserve it. No more at present, but remain,

“ DEAR DAVID,

“ Your sincere friend,

“ DAN NORVAL.

---

The strange adventures in which Charles had been involved now began to operate upon his mind, the cheerful elasticity of which was for the present destroyed; he pondered in silent abstraction, and would gladly have hazarded his life in acquiring a solution of that mystery which for years he had vainly sought, and which now every day seemed to thicken around him. How anxiously did he wish for colonel Melville's arrival! for except captain Gordon, there was not one to whom he could unfold the perplexities in which his mind was bewildered.

He attended all public haunts where it was most probable that Mr. Graham would be found, if in town. Captain Gordon had also made inquiries among his acquaintance, and at last had good reason for believing that Graham had left town on the day already mentioned.

It was soon after communicated by major Colville that colonel Melville might be daily expected, and Charles looked for his arrival with almost feverish impatience; in a few days that happy event took place, and our hero felt the appearance of the colonel as that of a being whose power and influence extended beyond the limits ascribed to mortals.

When they met, as the colonel took his hand, Charles gazed upon his friend in speechless fondness; so many associations were awakened in his mind, so much of emotion was about his heart, and so many questions trembled on his tongue, that a considerable time elapsed before any one could find utterance; he inquired for Mrs. Melville, but when he would have

added the name of Emma, the sound died upon his lips, and he with difficulty turned it into a general inquiry for the family.

The colonel informed him that they were all in good health, and that each individual had charged him with their kindest remembrances and best wishes to their young and much-esteemed friend, whom they again wished to see at Beechwood—"Although," said the colonel, "much must happen before any of us can have that pleasure; for the regiment is destined for America, and we sail as soon as the season will permit. But I forget your dear friends in Glenthorn, whom I left in good health, of which I am happy to hand you this certificate, under the hand of Mrs. Angus, which I will now leave you to peruse, as I have at present many official duties to discharge; but I shall take the earliest opportunity of having a long interview with you."

After the departure of his friend,

Charles sat down to the perusal of the following epistle :—

---

“ DEAR CHARLES, OR ACCORDING TO MY  
HEART, DEAR SON.

“ Although only a few months have elapsed since you left us, yet to me they have appeared of immeasurable length ; and till the experiment was made, I did not think it possible that your absence could have been so deeply felt. Even Mr. Angus, who you know used to joke me about my romantic sensibility, is now almost equally its victim ; he talks of our dear Charles, but much oftener mentions you as our dear son, with all the fondness, all the affection of a father : am I not therefore fully warranted in claiming the character of your mother ? Colonel Melville has called to say, that he sets off to-morrow, and that your regiment will soon sail for America. Oh, Charles, I cannot think of this with composure ; but let me not dispirit you—the path upon which



you have entered is that which you must now follow. I would not wish to hear of your being deficient in courage, but let me entreat you to guard against rashness; let never the ardour of your mind tempt you to be foolhardy; you are a soldier—forget not that you are man, and that to you all men are brethren. Alas! it grieves me to say that these against whom your arm is now to be raised, are children of the same country, ‘bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh,’ men whose progenitors sought an asylum and liberty of conscience on these foreign shores, when oppression and cruelty had expelled them from their homes; with these are now mingled many whom active industry and the spirit of adventure impelled to emigrate; many, no doubt, from the laudable motive of assisting the relatives whom they left behind, fathers and brothers who may now be in array, lifting up the sword against them.—But let me suppress my feelings—my convictions upon this subject; only permit me to remind you of what was also

recommended by her whom I think you will not soon forget, for it was Emma Melville, who prayed that your sword might never be stained with blood wantonly spilt. Oh, Charles, at all times, when it is in your power, mitigate the horrors of war. Heroes never make war against women and children, the unarmed and the helpless; it will not be enough that you spare—you must, where it is practicable, assist and protect them. In the company of colonel Melville, you will, I trust, have a constant example of public duty and private virtue; for any thing further, let me again recommend the volume which I took the liberty of depositing in your trunk.

“David Nicol, at my earnest request, put into my hands a letter from Dan Norval; it does much credit to his heart. From some expressions in the letter, which in attempting to disguise he renders more conspicuous, it is evident that Susan Tait is dearer to him than any one upon earth, except Charles Melville. Now if you re-

flect upon the offer made to him by your friend the colonel, and how happy he might have been in his farm, blessed with the company of his dear Susan, who is indeed a good and amiable girl, you will then see the strength of his attachment to you, and will, I am sure, conduct yourself to him accordingly. For your sake he has entered into a society, where I find he has no fellowship, and where his morals are in imminent danger of contamination ; upon this subject, and that of his piety, the simplicity of his language, and at the same time the good sense that it expressed, provoked a smile, which, before I was aware, changed into a tear. As I hope both you and he will yet return, spare no pains to bring back this faithful friend, as innocent as you took him away. Next to your own example (which with him will have incalculable weight), will be enabling him to spend his leisure hours agreeably, without mingling among his profligate companions. If you can induce him to read, it

will effect this; but perhaps you can keep him constantly employed, and if it is in your service, that will please him still better.

“By his letter I learn particulars of the escape from robbers, mentioned in yours, where you say that your life was saved by his courage and prudence; but the modest creature says not a word of this, although he dwells with delight upon the rencontre, and exults in its termination. Assure him of our best wishes for his happiness; this will assist in keeping up his spirits, and his love to you deserves it at our hands. I should be glad to see him settled at home, and united to Susan, although I fear she thinks not of him. She has been more melancholy than usual for some time; I try every method to keep up her spirits, for she is a pleasant and sensible girl, and has rendered herself so agreeable to me, that I have insisted upon retaining her at Glenthorn during the winter.

“Your poplar tree has shaken off its foli-

age, but stands vigorous and healthy; and the woodbine twining round it seems to defy the blasts of winter, for it is not yet stripped of its leaves, and a few flowers are still to be seen twining among the branches of the poplar; indeed, the only effect that the tempest seems to have upon this feeble shrub, is that of making it cling more closely to its hardy supporter. Emma Melville was in the garden a few days ago, and expressed herself quite delighted with its appearance; upon hearing that both were planted by you, she approached the tree, pulled a stalk of the honeysuckle, and placed it in her bosom. She requests to be kindly remembered to you.

“Mr. Edward Fergus has behaved in a style which was not expected, but which I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear. When Mr. Charters intimated to him the instructions that he had received from you respecting the money, Mr. Fergus immediately waited on Mr. Charters, and entering upon the business, said—‘I



can have no right to the disposal of that money; however, since it is Mr. Melville's request, I will for once endeavour to imitate him. Oh, had I done so long ago! for I feel, Mr. Charters, that I have been completely a spoiled child, and am so much ashamed of myself, that I blush to appear in public, and have now resolved upon leaving the country till I can look mankind and my own conscience in the face. But to the business in hand—I would fondly make reparation to Susan Tait, for the outrage offered to her; but have not confidence to offer it, otherwise I would request her acceptance of the whole.'—'I think myself warranted in saying, that she would not touch a penny of it,' said Mr. Charters.—'I feared as much,' replied Fergus; 'and since it is so, there is the poor painter boy, who was the innocent cause of the first quarrel between Mr. Melville and me; there I was egregiously wrong—let him have ten guineas. There are three wretched beings, whom my father, in the plenitude of his

power, prosecuted last season for most trivial infringements upon his property—let them have five guineas each; and for the balance, Mr. Charters, you will have the goodness to be my almoner, in distributing it in such a way as it is likely to be most useful. There is no occasion for my name being mentioned in the business, and it will be much better not; for although I am endeavouring to atone for what I think the oppression of my father, it will be obvious to you that the method I now adopt would offend him; and I must first shew that I am sensible of and able to correct my own follies before I so directly oppose him.’

“ Now, my dear Charles, what think you of this? Is there not a hope that Fergus will yet be a man worthy of your esteem? Mr. Angus says, that the change is too great and too sudden to be relied on, and expresses his fears that it is a mask assumed for some base purpose; or even if it is a sudden remorse of conscience, that it will not be permanent, and that the old

man will again break out. We have laid a bet upon the subject, which time only can determine.

“Colonel Melville’s family are all again returned to Beechwood, and Mr. Angus has engaged to superintend the farm during the colonel’s absence. All the family are much dispirited at present on account of his departure, Emma in particular, since she knew that he was going to America.

“Oh this vile war! or rather vile ambition and lust of power! Why will not kings be contented with subjects, without endeavouring to make them slaves?

“If I am not mistaken, colonel Melville has had a struggle between pride and principle in going to fight against America, and would rather have resigned his commission, could he have done so in a manner satisfactory to his honour as a soldier. We wait impatiently for a long letter from you. Mr. Angus requests his kindest love to you and will write you soon. Whether we shall ever again see you, depends upon Providence, to whose protecting care I

again most sincerely recommend you ; and beg to assure you, that you may always reckon upon the earnest prayers and warmest regards of one to whom you are dear as a son, and who must write herself,

“ DEAR CHARLES,

“ Your affectionate mother,

“ ELLEN WALLACE.”



At their next interview, there was much to talk of between the colonel and Charles. The story of Graham excited much surprise, but seemed inexplicable ; however, the colonel concluded that there was no doubt of Graham's knowing the secret of our hero's birth, and also of his being interested in preventing the discovery ; he therefore congratulated Charles on being soon to leave their present quarters, as there was still reason to fear further attempts at assassination.

Colonel Melville had made particular inquiries concerning Dan, and the information obtained was so satisfactory, that he

sought a personal interview with the young soldier, assuring him of his favour and protection. This was to Dan almost the *summum bonum*; and was the most powerful stimulant that could have been applied, to urge him forward, and inspire his mind in the path of duty.

“By-the-bye,” said the colonel one day to Charles, “had you any information concerning Ned Fergus in your letters from Glenthorn?”

“Yes; and such as gave me most sincere pleasure: do you think his penitence is genuine?”

“Why I almost persuade myself it is—he is determined upon leaving Scotland, and that I consider a favourable omen. When a man is ashamed of his errors, he will either repent, or become a confirmed and incorrigible blackguard, reckless of character and the opinions of the world concerning him. Fergus applied to me for advice and assistance with regard to entering into the army; and with much good sense observed, that although it



would have been his wish to have served in my regiment, yet he saw the impracticability of this, and had no wish to meet you, till he could adduce better evidence than his own respecting his character. Approving of this, and also of his resolution to leave home, I readily offered my best advice and assistance, and his commission was obtained just before my departure."

Ever since the arrival of colonel Melville, the spirits of Charles had been far more buoyant, and he had in a great degree forgot the machinations of Graham. Orders now arrived for the regiment to be in readiness to sail, as transports were on the way, and might be expected in a few days. Although a great number heard this with as much indifference as they would that of shifting their quarters from Liverpool to Bristol, still there were many in whose faces might be read the feelings with which they were about to leave their native land. Charles felt his spirits about

to sink ; but the pride of a young soldier, just entering on the field where laurels are gathered, pointed the necessity of disguising his feelings, lest they should be construed into pusillanimity, which however far from being the case, yet he could not to his dearest friend the colonel whisper the cause ; for among the group that fancy conjured up as dear to his heart, and whom he was now about to leave, perhaps for ever, Emma Melville occupied the foreground ; and to have shared the myrtle wreath with her, he would have resigned the richest laurels that ever graced a conqueror's brow. With a warm, but heavy heart, he now wrote the following letter to his earliest friend, Mrs. Angus.

---

“ DEAR MOTHER,

“ For such my heart and all its best affections have ever termed you, the time is now come when I must bid you a long, perhaps a last farewell ; but all is in

the hand of Providence, and I still indulge the hope of returning to Britain; would that I could say to the land of my birth! but I shall ever believe that it is so, till convinced by irrefragable proof to the contrary, and that I trust will never be; for I have a persuasion on my mind, which I cannot shake off, that I have seen and been in company with my mother. I rode in a carriage from Hawick to Langholm, with a lady whose presence inspired a pleasure and produced sensations, which I will not attempt to describe. We breakfasted together, and if I am not much mistaken, she took almost an equal interest in me; yet we parted without knowing, or inquiring each other's address; I only know that her name is Amelia. By an impulse which I could not resist, I run back two miles to learn her name, and found that during my absence, she also had returned to see me, and had departed much disappointed. It is thus that fate tantalizes our hopes, and mocks our wishes—but she is—she must be my mother; and

surely I shall again see her ; for her image is engraven on my heart.—Be not alarmed, it has not obliterated yours ; never shall I feel less affection for you ; and I know your heart sufficiently to be assured, that you will rejoice when I can find a mother to share it with you. Since my arrival here, I have associated with a Mr. Graham—a villain, who knows my birth, has an interest in my death, and has twice attempted my life. I trust that the Providence which protected me from his machinations, will yet remove the obscurity in which my birth is involved.

“ My dear mother, why could you think it necessary to caution me to be merciful ? Did you ever know your Charles take delight in cruelty ? I should have profited little by the instructions and example of one, whose heart is the mansion of kindness to all that lives, if I were not now taught to delight in mercy, the darling attribute of Heaven. For your sake, I wish the war in which I am to be engaged had not been with America ; for you seem to think



it unjust. Perhaps I ought to have informed myself better concerning the relations between rulers and their people, with the respective rights of each ; but I was so selfish as to think only of myself ; and to my shame I acknowledge, that I am now afraid of conviction ; for I have gone too far to recede ; but where colonel Melville leads, I will not be afraid, and I hope never ashamed, to follow. You say that his family are distressed at his departure ; it is to them a great privation—tearing away an affectionate husband and a tender fond parent ; think of your regrets at parting with me, and if you can, or have any opportunity, endeavour to sooth their sorrows. Oh that I could assist you ! I thank you for the account of my favourite tree, and the shrub that enfolds it—permit them to intertwine as they may seem inclined—but what have such childish follies to do in a letter of this kind ?

“Your admonitions respecting Dan are of akin to all your other goodness,



and shall not be forgotten : I feel his worth increase every day, and am astonished at the sacrifices he has made for my sake. By my care for him, and yours for Susan, we may yet see them happy together : his case is not near so hopeless as mine ! In a few days I shall no longer see the land to which alone I look for happiness—the spot where my heart, still hovering, seeks to find a home ; for there are all whom it ever cherished—you, my dear mother ; the kindly affectionate Mr. Angus, whose love, united with yours, has never allowed me to feel the want of parents ; the mysterious Amelia, whom I find it impossible to forget ; and to you, whom I may never again have the happiness of meeting, let me now confess, that there is still another not less dear to my heart ; but to her I have never dared to whisper the flame, which I feel can only be extinguished with my life, and even now her name must be sacred, for reason tells me that it is a day-dream, which can never be realized.

Yet no ! I will still hope, and I feel that were my love less pure, less ardent, my despondency would decrease in proportion.

“ I am indeed glad to hear of Mr. Fergus’s reformation, and hope I shall yet meet him, when I can extend my hand to him as a man and a brother.

“ I also write to Mr. Angus, and expect the pleasure of a letter from each of you before sailing. Oh, it must then be long before I can again hear from Glenthorn ! Dear mother, farewell ! and may Providence reward you for all your kindness and affection to a poor deserted, nameless stranger ! and although there may be selfishness in the wish, yet as I am convinced that you would feel it the richest reward for your goodness, may he be again returned to you, innocent as when he left your arms, with a name and rank which will enable him to take his place in society, and finding his own happiness to consist in promoting that of those who shall ever be dear to his heart ! But in wealth or in

poverty, in health or in sickness, in life and in death itself, I ever am,

“ DEAR MOTHER,

“ Your affectionate son,

“ CHARLES MELVILLE.”

---

The transports arrived, and they were busily employed in shipping the baggage; Dan Norval had written a farewell letter to his sister, when he received the following from his friend David Nicol.

---

“ DEAR DAN,

“ I reseved yours, and was glad to here that you was well, which I hop still continues. I would have wrot you sooner, but you no I am no witch at the pen, but hereing that you are going to sell for Amirica, I writ these few lines to wish you a safe landing from the pearls of the grate deep; and that you may smite these unsirkumsised Philystens, even as you smot the rubers in the woods of Cumerland. Oh Dan, I find that my tent is set

in the land of Goshn, and that you are in the sity of abomynashuns—man stellers and followers of strange wimen; but I hop, Dan, that you and mester will presarve your intigerty.

“The only news hear is what I’m sorrow to tell, and what I’m shur you will be as mutch sorrow to here, for every body is astonishd and grivd. I meen evry body that new her. Poor deer Shusy Tett is no mor; at lest she is no mor hear; and nobody nos not wher she is gon; if she be dead or devoored. She went to Shuttel-del, and has never sins been no mor seen nor hard off. Sum thinks that she has been takn by the dokters; and sum that she has faln into the see, for she was very melankolly. Ned Fargus went away just the day aftr, and my mester sims to think him consarnd; my mistris grits and shaks her head, but say nothing.

“Your sister and her spous is well, and has there love to you. If you can find tim for fighten, writ me after you land among the Yankys, and abut the sevages,

and if you are like to conker the rebels, and how you felt when you began your first batell. If you be speared to com hom, Mr. Melvill will sertanly mak a man of you, for it is his pert, and he is a nobil fello. God bless him and you, and no mor at presant.

“Your fethfull frind,

“DAVID NICOL.”

---

The contents of this letter produced so much affliction in the mind of Dan, that maugre all his efforts, it could not be disguised. Some of his companions now began to jeer him, inquiring whether it was the fear of being drowned in the Atlantic, or of being shot by the Yankees, that had such effect upon his spirits. Dan felt that it was a most *mal apropos* season for appearing melancholy, for no sound could be more ungracious to his ear, than an imputation of cowardice; but the more that he reflected, his agitation increased in proportion. For he now began to ponder with himself, whether Susan Tait had not been in love with him; and whether



his absence had not so far operated on her mind as to produce this fatal result.

Such were the cogitations of Dan, when he first appeared before Charles, with rueful look and his eyes full.

“What is the matter, Dan?” cried his master, much alarmed.

The poor fellow’s lip quivered; he attempted to speak; but his tongue faltered.

“Have you committed, or been accused of any fault?” cried Charles.

“Oh no! no, your honour!” replied Dan, sobbing.

“What then? Are you afraid to go to America? If so, tell me, and I will endeavour to procure your discharge.”

This insinuation aroused Dan’s energies, and he exclaimed—“And has Dan Norval lived till Mr. Melville thinks him a coward?”

“No, Dan; I do not think that; but there are many brave men, who feel what they did not anticipate, when about to leave their native land.”

“Oh no, sir! I’ll gang wi’ you to the

world's end—but—but—Susie Tait, oh!"

"Just as I thought, Dan—you now regret leaving her—but cheer up! you may soon return—or if you cannot leave her, tell me frankly."

"Oh, sir, ye ken nae better—she's gone, Mr. Melville — dead — drowned, or devoured! Oh!—We'll never see her mair!"

Charles now began to imagine that the thoughts of parting with her had disordered the poor fellow's brain, and he said—"I really do not understand you, Dan. Have you had a letter from Glenthorn?"

Dan put the epistle into his master's hand, saying—"Read till you come to—the—end of Susie—Oh!" For, agitated as he was, his disinterested and delicate mind could not think of Charles seeing the allusion to his services which had been made by his friend.

"Why, Dan," said Charles, "this is indeed a most extraordinary circumstance! and I not only excuse, but also participate in your concern; however, let us hope for the best; I trust our next letters from

Glenthorn will bring better news concerning her. In the mean time, I beg of you not to let your dejection appear, for if it does, depend upon it that it will be interpreted to your disadvantage."

## CHAPTER VI.



No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,  
 Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained ;  
 Parent miscalled, farewell ! of soul severe,  
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear ;  
 All I was wretched by, to you I owed,  
 Alone from strangers every comfort flowed !

SAVAGE.

*Neck or Nothing—Clouds and Sunshine.*

THE morning of the intended embarkation arrived ; but when the muster-roll was about to be called, and the officers assembled, ensign Melville had not made his appearance. After some delay inquiries were made at his lodgings, and the messenger was informed, that a sailor had called for Mr. Melville last evening, with a card, that he went out with the boy, and had not since returned. Charles was known

to be so regular in all his habits, and being also aware of the embarkation, that all his friends became alarmed at his absence, particularly colonel Melville and captain Gordon, who knew what had already been practised against him, and they had now no doubt but that he was the victim of some plot devised by Graham ; although they were utterly at a loss, however, where to commence their inquiries. While they were deliberating, a boy put the following note into captain Gordon's hand, and instantly disappeared.

“ If captain Gordon wishes to save his friend, ensign Melville, from a voyage to Africa, there is not a moment to lose—Mr. Melville is now on board the *Zamora*, in the river, but will sail in an hour hence—he may be denied by the captain and crew, but it is certain he is on board.”

This anonymous note was handed to colonel Melville, who immediately waited upon the mayor, and obtained a warrant to search the *Zamora*, and bring ashore his friend. He then engaged the



custom-house cutter, with four pairs of oars, and dispatching a party headed by captain Gordon, not a moment was delayed in pursuing the vessel, which was proceeding down the Mersey, but as the wind was light, they had no doubt of overtaking her.

When those on board the *Zamora* descried the cutter filled with soldiers, they set every sail, and spared no effort to elude their pursuers; but after a long and tough pull, the cutter came alongside, when the warrant being produced and read, the party were admitted on board. When the necessary inquiry was made, the captain affirmed that no such person was on board his vessel; he acknowledged that a military officer, a friend of his own, had been on board last night, but went on shore before the vessel left the harbour. The crew were mustered upon deck; the cabins, steerage, and every accessible place, were searched, but no trace of Charles could be found. His

name was called aloud, but no answer was made.

Dan, who was of the party, appeared almost frantic, flying every where, turning over and casting about every thing likely to conceal his friend. They were about to renounce the search as hopeless, when Dan observing a hammock slung in a dark corner, as if to elude observation, mounted upon some lumber that he might reach it; he could not bring his face to see into it, but stretching his hand, found that the hammock was occupied, and groping down, felt his master's epaulet; he instantaneously set up a hurrah of joy, which in a moment brought all the party around him; the hammock was lowered, and exhibited Charles so soundly asleep, that it was only after repeated efforts of bawling and shaking that he could be awaked, and even then he appeared in a stupor, totally inactive both in body and mind. He was conducted upon deck, and from thence into the cutter; and as the warrant did not

authorize the detention of the vessel in the event of Mr. Melville being found, she was soon under weigh down the river, and the cutter lost no time in reaching the shore.

The fresh air and sea-breeze proved so salutary to Charles, that by the time they landed he was tolerably recovered, and related to his friends the following account of his perilous adventure.—“ Last evening, about eight o'clock,” said he, “ I received this card—‘ The lady who had the pleasure of riding in a chaise with Mr. Melville from Hawick to Langholm is just arrived in Liverpool—is on board the Vine, and sails for London first tide. She is extremely anxious for an interview with Mr. Melville. If he is inclined to favour her with half an hour’s conversation, she will introduce a subject in which both are interested; and the bearer will conduct Mr. Melville on board the Vine.’ From what you, my friends, know of my situation, and the interest with which I still re-

collect that lady, you will, I trust, excuse my credulity for accepting the invitation. I hastened to accompany the messenger, apparently a shipboy; was conducted into the cabin of a vessel, and received by a most venerable-looking gentleman, who, upon taking my hand, exhibited no small emotion; he was accompanied by a young lady, whom I supposed his daughter, who informed me that the lady whom I expected to meet had been obliged to go on shore, but would return as early as possible, and had most earnestly requested that I should wait her arrival. Wine was on the table—we drank a glass each; and I observed that both the gentleman and lady continued to gaze on me, not with a rude ill-mannered stare, but with seeming tenderness and interest, which had a powerful effect upon my mind. You will no doubt smile at my credulity when I acknowledge, that I began to believe myself in company with my father and sister. Some conversation was attempted,

but both appeared absent, and interested about something else. I was prevailed upon to take another glass of wine, and the lady began to express much uneasiness at the delay of (and pausing) she said, her friend. Having retired, the gentleman proposed that we should drink to her; this I could not decline; and I recollect of soon becoming drowsy; but have no remembrance of any thing further, till roused from my lethargy in the hammock by my friends."

When the note which had been sent to captain Gordon was compared with the former warning sent to Charles, and signed "A Dublin merchant," it was obvious that they were both the same handwriting; and as no one, except colonel Melville, captain Gordon and Mr. Graham, knew of the interest which Charles continued to feel about the unknown Amelia, it was obvious that Graham had availed himself of this disclosure so incautiously confided to him by Charles, and thereupon built a plot, the failure of which was not



to be contemplated as within the bounds of probability.

It was now discovered that our hero had been deprived of his sword; this was probably a precautionary measure; but in the hurry of his friends to get him away, had not been observed.

The occurrences of the morning had banished all recollection of Susan Tait from Dan's memory, and the dejection of the preceding day was now changed into restless and obstreperous joy. Waiting till Charles should repair to his lodgings, he there grasped his knees, and forgetting the servant in the friend, pressed him to his heart, and in the extravagance of his delight, laughing and crying alternately.

Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Angus were waiting Charles, in both of which the mysterious disappearance of Susan Tait was noticed. Ellen stated the fact, and her deep-regret, without making any comment or hazarding a conjecture; but Mr. Angus hinted his suspicions that Ned Fergus was some way concerned in the affair. In a

postscript to Ellen's letter, she mentioned that Mrs. Melville and Emma had called at Glenthorn, both requesting to be kindly remembered to our hero; and that Emma had with peculiar emphasis said—"Remind him of my wishes, and request of him never to forget that Emma Melville has—a father—and a friend, whose safety is intrusted to his care, and for whom her daily prayers will be offered to Heaven."

The wind had now shifted, and as colonel Melville wished to spare his soldiers being sick in the harbour, the embarkation was delayed, with orders that all should hold themselves in readiness. Early next morning the wind was favourable, and all were in motion. To an unconcerned spectator this would have been an interesting scene, as the men assembled for the muster-roll. Here the weeping wife hanging upon her husband's arm; he folds the mother and child to his breast, while the elder children hang in his coat, or clasp his knees.—The call of "Fall in"

is repeated ; he fondly kisses his wife and children, brushes the tear from his weather-beaten cheek, gazes on them in silence, raises his eyes to heaven, and rushes into the ranks. There may be seen a tall grenadier, one arm linked in that of his grey-headed father, and the other supporting his aged mother, both bending under the pressure of years ; they have come from the country in their holiday clothes, to take (as they believe) the last farewell of their darling son, who bends his head as they bestow the parental benediction, clasps their withered trembling hands, tries to speak the comfort which he himself wants, and attempts to inspire the hope which his own heart does not feel. After these comes a troop attended by their fair friends, who belong to those of the sex who despise “ all laws but those which Love has made ;” they now part as gaily as they met—with a smack, or a shake of the hand ; and a—“ Farewell, Dick !” — “ Heaven bless you, Bet !” Nearly akin to these, although with very

different feelings, may also be found the fond and credulous girl, who allured by a plume of feathers, scarlet coat, and worsted lace, now stands apart, endeavouring to hide for the present, with her threadbare mantle, that shame which she bitterly feels cannot long be concealed; she raises her checked apron to her eyes, sobs deeply, and blubbers upon the bosom of her deceiver, who muttering hopes and promises “meaning nothing,” gladly hears the order to *fall in*; and pleading that as an excuse for leaving her, takes his place in the ranks, where the silly girl and her sorrows are forgotten. Another class appears, who having endeavoured to drown their cares, or having metamorphosed the shrine of Bacchus into the altar of Friendship, are still under the influence of the libations there offered; their gait is studiously erect, they look straight forward, and every step is cautiously steady; shaking hands with their *bon compagnons*, they take leave with some profane exclamation, which is probably inter-

rupted by a hiccup, and a wave of the hand serves for the parting salute. These are followed, or perhaps preceded, by others of a very different description, who although spared the pain of a parting interview, cannot forget that they are about to leave their friends and native land, which is still dear to their hearts, although no one presses to take their hands, and although no faltering voice says—"Farewell!" One, by the knitting of his brow, downcast eye, and dejected look, seems to muse upon the past, and deeply to feel—"These last of woes his evil days have wrought." Another has his eye raised, which appears illuminated by the inspiring ray of hope; while the changing hue upon the cheek, and quivering muscles at the corners of the mouth of a third, evince that he feels deeply, and the direction of his eye proves that he thinks not of himself.

Such are a few among the variety of figures which would strike the eye and ar-



rest the attention of an accurate observer; while his ear would be saluted by the rattling drum, shrill fife, inspiring trumpet, soft clarionet, and deep-toned basson, with many more of those external trappings which Bellona has invented to delude her victims and disguise her horrors. But even here, where there was no occasion for these to stifle the cries of the wounded or the groans of the dying, still they could not prevent the ear from hearing, nor the heart from being thrilled with sounds of lamentation; for amidst the solemn peal of "Rule Britannia," at every pause were heard the deep-drawn sigh, the wail of bitter sorrow, the scream of agony, and, still more appalling, the wild hysteric laugh of frenzy and delirium.

Colonel Melville superintended the whole, and as the greatest regularity and good order prevailed, the embarkation was soon effected; and the transports dropping down the river, were in the course of a

few hours fairly afloat in St. George's Channel.

Many in the regiment were veterans, and the others exhibited no lack of military ardour; the greater part, however, soon gave evidence, that whatever they might be on land, they were only fresh-water sailors; for nausea and sickness prevailed to such a degree, that the vessel in which Charles had embarked appeared for the time like a floating lazaretto. Of those among the officers who suffered most from this dreadful penance, was an ensign, who had entered the regiment some time before Charles; he had brought no letters of introduction, and, comparatively speaking, might be termed an isolated being. Although he had shown an occasional vivacity in the mess-room, his eye glistening with momentary delight, and the muscles of his face assuming that curve which indicates animated and risible sensations, yet these were only like the transient and fleeting meteor, which for a moment illumines the midnight sky,

and suddenly disappearing, only renders the gloom more conspicuous. From his melancholy and abstraction, it was generally concluded, either that he had been unkindly treated by the world, or that he felt conscious of having acted an improper part on the stage of life. Although he lived sequestered from almost every one, yet his heart seemed the receptacle of sympathy and social affection, and he had exhibited many instances of acute and refined feeling. Soon after entering the Channel, he became very sick, and the disorder seemed to be increased by the fever of his mind.

In sea-sickness it is not often that the sufferer meets the sympathy and attention which his situation deserves; the sailors either openly or secretly laugh at the *land-lubbers*, and the passengers in general have neither ability nor inclination for the exercise of benevolence, being sufficiently engrossed with their own distress. On the present occasion, Charles felt no indisposition from his change of element, and was

prompted by his feelings to render every assistance in his power to those who pined around him in sickness and sorrow, among whom none appeared to have such claims upon his attention as the ensign just mentioned; to him therefore our hero was peculiarly attentive.

For the first two or three days, the poor fellow was so ill, that scarcely any thing could be done for his relief; but when he recovered a little, Charles accompanied him to the deck, where the fresh air accelerated his recovery. Still there seemed to be a sickness of the heart, which not all the kindness and consolation of Charles could remove; his sympathy was, therefore still further excited, and he used every possible effort to raise the spirits of this young man, who was evidently sinking in despondency.—“My dear fellow,” said Charles one evening to him, “you are now recovered from sea-sickness, but you still droop: by encouraging this melancholy, you will destroy yourself.”

The officer, heaving a deep sigh, replied—"I would not be the cause of my own death, but if it were the will of Heaven, I could wish to die; and yet no—let me retract the selfish wish—I feel that I ought to live—for her sake whom——" but grief choked his utterance, his heart was full, and he covered his face with his hands.

After he had a little recovered, Charles felt that this was a sorrow of the heart, upon which no stranger ought to intrude, and was about to retire, when the officer grasping his hand with emotion, said—"Stay, my worthy friend, you have done much for me—I am a poor forlorn stranger, without friend or confidant to whom I can impart the cause of my sorrow. I know and have experienced the goodness of your heart; and although I have no right to distress you with a detail of my griefs, yet I persuade myself that my heart would be relieved by the communication."

It was impossible to refuse this implied



request; Charles therefore returned the pressure with which his hand was still held, and after a pause, the officer proceeded thus:—"My father is a man possessed of much property—would to Heaven that I could add of integrity! I am an illegitimate son—the child of guilt—unacknowledged by my father at my birth. I bear the name of my mother, Mary Sinclair. Although my father refused me his name, he took me from my mother, confiding me to the care of mercenary strangers, and leaving her to pine in poverty and neglect; she died while I was a child, and, as I fear, of a broken heart. Born in England (for my father is of that country), I was sent to Scotland, where I could be cheaply nursed and educated. When grown up, I was put apprentice to a haberdasher in Edinburgh; and informed by my father, that if I conducted myself prudently, he would enable me to set up for myself, which was done accordingly. I lodged with a widow and her daughter, both of whom had seen better days; but

whose manners and propriety of conduct were still such as would have added lustre to the most dignified station.

“ By too assiduous application to business, I was seized with a slow nervous fever; my landlady was confined with rheumatism; and her amiable daughter became the nurse both of her mother and me. My disorder was lingering, and when it subsided, left me in so reduced and debilitated a state, that both in body and mind I was imbecile and helpless as a child; and I firmly believe, that without the attentions of my gentle nurse, the prescriptions of my physician could not have saved my life. But she had so much sweetness and delicacy in her most trivial actions, that her presence operated like a spell in chasing the languor of disease; she talked, read, and sung, with a grace peculiar to herself, varying these amusements with such discrimination, that still the last seemed the most pleasing to my feelings. But I tire you, Mr. Melville, for it is long since I had the pleasure of talking of my

Eliza, although she occupies my thoughts during the day, and her image hallows the visions of the night."

Charles was much interested in the tale, and requested him to go on.

"You will anticipate the result," said Mr. Sinclair; "by the time that I had recovered my health, I found that my amiable nurse was dearer to me than the life she had preserved; I was happy only in her presence, but had never willingly, either by word or action, betrayed my passion; yet although her innocence and purity of heart were all that the most delicate mind could wish, I soon found that my attachment was returned. She now began to look paler than usual, her spirits were depressed, and every day added to her dejection. I suspected the cause—told my love, and had the supreme felicity of again seeing the glow of health mantle upon her cheek.

"My father had taken a bill from me for the advances made by him in my business: I was therefore dependent upon

him, and knew well that he would never consent to my marrying a girl without a farthing, although she had possessed all the virtues and attractions that ever adorned her sex; but I could not live without my Eliza, and we were privately married.

“ Oh, Mr. Melville! if ever Happiness deigned to dwell on earth, she was now an inmate of our humble mansion; not but anxious thoughts about the future would sometimes intervene; for I had now the prospect of soon being a happy father! the reputation of my Eliza demanded a disclosure of our marriage, and this might, nay most probably would, reach the ears of my father. She presented me with a son, and my fears were forgotten.

“ Another year elapsed, and I flattered myself that my father had ceased to think of me, when I received a letter from him, informing me that he had heard of my attachment to a low despicable creature, without a shilling, but that he hoped the

report was unfounded ; and had only to add, that he was already rich, and had the prospect of soon inheriting a respectable landed estate ; that he intended never to marry, and as I was his only son, although illegitimate, I should be his heir, if I conducted myself to his satisfaction ; but that if I degraded myself by forming a low or mean connexion, he would not only disown me, but would instantly call up the money which he had advanced to me, although my inevitable ruin should be the consequence.

“ His wealth I could have despised, but his threat of recalling the past was truly alarming. I wrote an equivocal reply, assuring him that I had no intention of marrying ; and thus for a time lulling myself in security, and blessed with Eliza and my boy, anticipated no evil. But alas ! some officious person informed him of my marriage. He wrote me a letter of three lines, commanding me either to acknowledge or deny what he had heard. I would not stoop to deliberate and direct



falsehood, and therefore avowed the fact, with such qualifications as I conceived most likely to operate in my favour; but he was inexorable, and demanded immediate payment of his bill.

“ With this, as he well knew, it was impossible for me to comply. Again I entreated; but the humiliation which I expressed, and the distress which I deprecated, seemed to delight his heart, and he replied in terms of insult, which was immediately followed by a commission of bankruptcy against me.

“ My stock in trade was sold by auction, far below prime cost; I had only been struggling to establish a business; my long illness and family expences had increased my expenditure; and as is not unusual with beginners, who are credulous and anxious to do business, I had made several bad debts. When my affairs were closed, there was a considerable deficiency; and my unfeeling parent had sufficient influence with some of my creditors to prevent my obtaining a discharge.

“ I now endeavoured to procure employment as a servant, and had lived some time in Edinburgh in that situation, the only deduction from my happiness being the privations to which my Eliza was reduced from our slender finances. My father again wrote me, that if I would renounce my wife and come to England, he would reestablish me in business. The cheerfulness and love of my Eliza in our humble state, had endeared her more than ever to my heart, and my father had almost torn up by the roots the last remains of filial affection. Irritated by the insulting proposal, I replied in a style little adapted for reconciliation. Some time after I received another letter, saying, that he was now in very bad health, and believed himself dying; that he still felt I was his only child, and requesting me to visit him immediately. My wife's mother had been for some time ill, and for the convenience of attending her, as well as for the sake of economy, we were all living together, the same as before my marriage.

I had some reluctance to leave Eliza, as she was again in the way when I might soon expect an addition to our family ; but both she and her mother urged my departure, as they anticipated a complete reconciliation between me and my father : I at last consented, and took leave of Eliza, hoping soon to return the messenger of good tidings.

“ My father received me with more kindness than I expected : after staying with him some days, he requested me to accompany him on a visit to a friend at a considerable distance, where before I was aware, being entirely without suspicion, I found myself confined in a private lunatic asylum. This deception, and the thoughts of my Eliza, made me behave in such a manner, as might have confirmed the tale of my being mad, although I have reason for believing that the keeper was a confederate of my father's. Let me close the dreadful tale ! In this horrible receptacle I languished for more than twelve months, till I began to fear that I should really

lose my senses. At last my father visited me, and made the proposition that I should enter into the army as an ensign, the commission to be purchased by him, or remain where I was, a prisoner for life. My immediate answer was demanded, as he had fully made up his mind, and if the proposal was rejected, it should never be renewed, nor would he ever see me more. Any thing bearing the resemblance of freedom, was preferable to my deplorable situation; and I had experienced so much of my father's cruelty, that I had no doubt of his adhering inflexibly to the resolution which he had declared. I was likewise most anxious to have at least a chance of seeing or hearing from my Eliza, and therefore consented to become a soldier. But before I obtained my liberty, my father made me swear, in the most solemn manner, to perform my engagement; and also that I should institute no action against him for the confinement I had endured.

“ My commission was procured; I was

set at large, and obliged to join the regiment immediately. Since that time, after writing thrice to my wife without receiving any answer, I wrote to a friend in Edinburgh, who replied, that my mother-in-law was dead many months ago, and that my wife had left Edinburgh soon after, but for what place or purpose he could not tell; nor could he find any of his acquaintance who were capable of giving him the information. Such are the circumstances under which I sail for America! Oh, Mr. Melville! is there not here "room for meditation even to madness?"

"I must acknowledge," replied Charles, "that yours is a situation very distressing to the mind; and the only advice I can offer is, that you should even yet send a letter on shore to any friend, whom you think will take the trouble to attempt a discovery of your Eliza and her family. Your chief consolation must be, a consciousness of having done your duty, according to the circumstances in which you were placed, and a reliance upon Provi-



dence for protecting those so dear to you, and at some future period restoring them to your arms."

The conversation was now interrupted by the approach of other officers, and Sinclair retired, with his heart partially relieved.

They had been beating about in the Channel by contrary winds, when they were attacked by a violent gale from S. W., and after scudding before it for some time, in hopes of being able to keep the sea, they were obliged to run into Wigton bay, where discovering that the vessel had received some damage, it was necessary to go into the harbour to refit, and as this would take at least two days, the officers and such of the men as had been very sick were allowed to go on shore.

On the first evening of their landing, ensign Sinclair requested Charles to accompany him in a walk, as the best antidote for his melancholy. That they might be more secluded they entered the burying-

ground, and Charles, to amuse his friend, began to examine the rude monuments of posthumous fame which rose around them. Some of the inscriptions extorted a smile, even from the melancholy Sinclair; when their attention was drawn by a little boy, apparently between four and five years of age, who lay by himself, upon the turf, seemingly busy, and much interested about his employment. They approached gently, and found that he had a collection of field daisies, and other early flowers, which with his tiny fingers he was endeavouring to stick into the sod, which covered a grave that appeared to have been recently laid down. The little fellow was so intent upon his business, that some time passed before he observed them, during which they contemplated his face with much interest.

The beams of the setting sun brightened his flaxen hair, and added to the glow of his healthful and ruddy cheek; he was decently, but plainly dressed in mourning, and his appearance was highly prepossess-

ing. The strangers did not wish to disturb him; but he looked up and was preparing to rise, when Mr. Sinclair said, gently, "What is that you are doing, my dear?"

"Planting flowers, sir."

"But why plant them there? you should put them in your garden."

"No; I fetched these from the garden, to plant here," holding up some crocusses—"for this is uncle's grave."

"And why do you plant flowers on it?"

"Because mamma said she wished it were covered with flowers—she was crying—but when she sees these flowers she will not cry;" and he raised his fine blue eyes, brightening with hope.

"You are a dear little fellow—who is your mamma?"

"Oh, just mamma."

"And what is your name?"

"George."

"George—and what more?"

"George, and no more."

They offered the boy a shilling each, when he said—"No, thank you!—mamma says I must never take money."

"But this is to buy flowers for your uncle's grave."

"Oh then I'm sure mamma won't be angry;" and he took the shillings, bowing and saying—"Thank you, gentlemen!"

Both were exceedingly struck with the address and manners of the boy; Mr. Sinclair, in particular, seemed much affected. They were still conversing with the child, whom Mr. Sinclair had now taken by the hand, when a lady entered at the gate; but seeing the boy accompanied by strangers, she paused, and called out—"George, my dear, come away."

Mr. Sinclair started at the sound of the lady's voice, and the boy cried—"That is mamma—let me go to her."

Anxious to see the mother of so fine a child, Charles took his other hand, and they led him along. As they approached the lady, both bowed, and were about to

address her, when Mr. Sinclair, giving a sudden start, wildly exclaimed—"Merciful Heaven!—my Eliza!" while she, uttering a faint shriek, sunk into his arms. Both would have fallen, had they not been supported by Charles, while the little boy screamed out—"Oh! you have killed mamma!"

With some difficulty, Charles conducted them to a corner screened from observation; and as the lady had not fainted, she soon recovered. Her house was quite near; thither Charles accompanied them. The scene which followed, it will be more easy to imagine than to describe: their mutual recollections and fond endearments, raised emotions in the breast of our hero, little inferior to those which agitated the bosoms of this enraptured pair.

Mrs. Sinclair's history is soon told. The absence of her husband, and no reply being received to the many inquiries which she made concerning him, accelerated the death of her mother. Soon after, she wrote to her maternal uncle in Wigton,



advising him of this event, and stating the outlines of her own situation. He immediately replied, inviting her to come and be his nurse and housekeeper. Glad to leave Edinburgh, she cheerfully accepted the offer, and removed to Wigton, leaving information of her new residence with her landlord, that in the event of her husband either writing or returning, he might know where to find her. Why all knowledge of her had been denied, she could not conjecture. Her uncle was an old man, had no children, and her attentions were so gratifying to him, that he executed a will, leaving to her children (for she had now a fine girl) the house in which he lived, with upwards of six hundred pounds in money; the mother to have the interest, and being also life-rented in the house and garden. The old man had died about a month ago, and she was just preparing for a journey to England, in quest of her husband, which this most unexpected meeting had so happily prevented.

The joy of this fond couple was inter-

rupted by the reflection that they had to part so suddenly ; and Sinclair deplored the oath by which he was bound. Eliza proposed accompanying him ; but Charles joined her husband in opposing this, on account of the hardships and dangers to which she and the children would be exposed.

The fond and happy pair therefore found that there was a necessity for parting at present—trusting that Providence, which had almost miraculously brought them together, would still protect and again unite them, when Death only would have power to tear them asunder. When the hour of parting came, the scene would have moved any heart not quite petrified. Charles was present, and saw and felt the truth and beauty of Homer's parting of Hector and Andromache, now realized before him. They launched again upon the deep ; and although the morning was cold and rainy, Sinclair continued upon deck while a spot of Scottish ground was visible : Charles had borne him company ;

for he also was indulging in “melancholy musings.” When the last hill receded from their view, both, as if by tacit consent, hastened below, where they sat in pensive silence; for Emma and Eliza abstracted their attention from all external objects.

Although our adventurers have again commenced their voyage, we must look back for a moment. During the time that they tacked in the Channel, Dan had been no less active in the hold than his master was in the *cabin*. Accustomed in early life to the boisterous element, he felt no inconveniency from the voyage: whether the vessel rode at anchor, mounted upon the rolling billow, or plunged into the abyss, Dan was always in motion, and using every effort to assist his companions, many of whom were groaning most lamentably, while others endured their sufferings in gloomy and desponding silence: among these, one in particular attracted the attention of Dan; this was a young Scots lad, named John Brown, who had

enlisted a very short time before the regiment left Liverpool. He was now so sick as to excite the sympathy of all who could spare a thought from their own situation. Dan had procured some cordials from the cabin, by the application of which, and his own attentions, Brown had recovered a little, before the gale came on. When they arrived at Wigton, the indefatigable Dan assisted those to go on shore who had suffered most from sickness; and as both the distress and personal appearance of Brown were powerful recommendations, it was to him that the attentions of Dan were chiefly devoted; and by walking out with him, enjoying much free air and exercise, the poor fellow was almost recovered by the time that they re-embarked. Brown appeared to have a delicate frame and susceptible mind; deeply impressed with a sense of Dan's attentions, he requested a continuance of his kindness, expressing his hopes that he should yet prove himself worthy of being reckoned

his friend. Their intimacy increased daily ; they were almost constant companions on shipboard ; and by the time that they had reached the shores of the Atlantic, a confidential friendship subsisted between them.



## CHAPTER VII.

When front to front the bannered hosts combine,  
 Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line ;  
 When all is still on Death's devoted soil,  
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil ;  
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high  
 The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye ;  
 Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,  
 And hears *Hope's* stormy music in the drum.

CAMPBELL.

*British Valour, and Love in low Life*

DURING a passage of six weeks we have nothing to record ; for the logbook was merely a register of foul and fair winds ; and the principal incidents relative to the passengers were gambling at brag among the privates, and whist, chess, and back-gammon among the officers ; but as none of these produced a duel, or consequences to be afterwards remembered, any further detail is unnecessary.

On landing, our hero found that he should soon be engaged in more active and important duties than parades and reviews. Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, had arrived with a large military force. The British army was in possession of Boston; and the troops recently disembarked were intended as a reinforcement; for the provincials, elated with the affair at Lexington, meditated dislodging the royalists from Boston. Colonel Melville spared no effort to prepare his soldiers for active warfare, conscious that they must soon mingle in the deadly conflict. Every hour was employed in drilling such as were deficient in the various evolutions, or without proper dexterity in the management of their arms. By special agreement, and the favour of his colonel, Dan Norval had a station near Charles in the field; and had now contrived to gratify his friend John Brown, who earnestly solicited, that as they had been companions and friends during the voyage, they might continue

to be so in the field, unless divided by the chances of war.

The 17th June was the important day on which our hero was to make his *debut* in arms. The Americans had formed intrenchments, and thrown up a redoubt on Bunker's Hill, which overlooked Boston, and general Gage resolved upon dislodging them. Generals Howe and Pigot had the command of the forces, which might be considered the flower of the British army. But they came to the field under many disadvantages. Each soldier was loaded with three days' provision, which with cartouch box and musket, amounted to not less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight.

The day was warm, the hill steep, and the soldiers had for a considerable time marched among grass reaching to their knees; by all which they were much fatigued before coming into action. Notwithstanding of this, they rushed forward with impetuosity; the veterans with that firm and steady composure previously ac-

quired in the field of danger; those without experience, with that impatience and ardour which animates the hero, who pants for laurels, or honourable death.

They were received with repeated showers of musketry, which from the disadvantage of their position, made dreadful havoc, particularly among the officers; insomuch that general Howe stood for some time alone, like a tree in the forest, while its fellows lie prostrate around it. By a most unaccountable negligence, the artillery balls sent from Boston were too large for the caliber of the field pieces, and from this culpable blunder, the army were deprived of the assistance upon which they had calculated from the artillery. Twice had they been repulsed, and a third time they rushed to the attack. Captain Gordon, accompanied by Charles, mounted the redoubt, and while the banner waved triumphantly over his captain's head, Charles had the agony of seeing him laid lifeless at his feet. He had not a moment to waste in idle sorrow; for in an

instant the standard which he supported was cut down by a shot, and the colours floating on the wind, fell some paces within the redoubt. A party of the enemy were hastening to secure the trophy, when Charles, with the courage of a lion, sprung forward, seized the colours, wrapped them around him, and with his sword was preparing his way, when he found himself supported by Dan and John Brown, who pushing with their bayonets, set opposition at defiance; and the trio rushed forward, till joined by those who had attacked the redoubt in another quarter. The enemy now gave way, rather from the want of ammunition than from any deficiency in that ardour with which they had supported the contest.

In the course of the battle, Charlestown had been twice set on fire, and was totally destroyed; and here the humanity of Charles was as evident, as his courage in the action had been conspicuous; he not only spared the vanquished and unarmed, but assisted helpless decrepitude and in-



fancy from the dangers with which they were surrounded.

Such was the memorable day on which the courage of our hero had been first tried. The conflict was arduous, but the heroism which he had exhibited had exceeded the warmest hopes of colonel Melville, who expressed his approbation, in terms which Charles deemed a sufficient reward for all the hazards he had encountered ; but a still greater awaited him ; for by the loss of so many officers, and his undaunted bravery, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

Charles was highly delighted with the magnanimity of Dan, for which his thanks were bestowed, in a style that made the poor fellow's heart glow with delight. " But who," said Charles, " was the strippling who accompanied you, when we mounted the redoubt ? or do you know him ? "

" Yes, sir ; he is a Scotsman too—a fine young fellow ; his name is John Brown ;

he is my comrade—to you, sir, I may say, he is my friend.”

“ He is certainly a brave fellow, Dan ; I should like to see him. Could you find him just now ?”

“ I’ll see, sir, if your honour can stop for a moment ;” and Dan going out, soon returned accompanied by Brown, who came forward, with a modesty approaching almost to bashfulness. He was of a middle size, but slender, of a very delicate complexion, with an air of neatness and gentility in every part of his dress, and looked quite a boy.

Charles was much struck with his appearance, and said—“ Come away, Brown ! I wish to thank you for the courage you displayed, and the heroic support I received from you and your friend here the other day. I shall not forget your services.”

Brown, with modest timidity, and obvious embarrassment, replied—“ I am but newly entered upon a military life, sir, and you are pleased to speak too highly of my

first efforts. I trust I shall improve ; and shall never be found deficient in duty and attachment to my king, and the officers of my regiment."

"Gallantly spoken !" said lieutenant Melville ; "I am told you are a Scotsman ; from what part of the country are you ?"

"From Edinburgh, please your honour."

"What is your age ?"

"Something above eighteen, sir."

"The army is rather a dangerous school for so young a man ; I am however glad to hear from Dan, that you are his companion ; my knowledge of him warrants me in recommending him ; but indeed your face indicates so much of all that does honour to youth, that I can only pronounce you both worthy of each other. If your martial career shall prove equal to its commencement, I think you may hope for promotion. At any rate, calculate upon my friendship, while you continue to deserve it."

A deep glow suffused itself over Brown's

youthful cheek, and bowing his thanks, he departed.

“There is something very interesting in that lad’s appearance ; how long have you known him, Dan ?” said Charles.

“Just sin’ our embarkation, sir ; he was very sick, I was sair concerned for him, an’ tried to mak’ him a wee mair comfortable : I’m weel paid now ; for he’s a real decent callan, an’ mak’s a far better nibour than I ever expeckit to find amo’ the sogers.”

“I am glad to hear you say so ; it will add to the happiness of both, and I hope you will long continue friends.” And giving some directions about his own affairs, Charles left his servant delighted with the interview.

General Washington now took the command of the American army, and soon after began the blockade of Boston, which continued during the season. The British army was in consequence cooped up ; and with the exception of exercising, remained quite inactive. Charles and Dan had both

written to Scotland upon arrival, and were now anxiously looking for letters in return. Dan in particular felt his solicitude increase every day. After their landing, the bustle of preparation for action, the battle of Bunker's Hill, and its consequences, had occupied his mind, and by a succession of new images, prevented painful recollections of the past; but now, when the anticipations of victory, or the apprehensions of defeat, were both objects viewed as remote and indistinct, the mind, thrown back upon itself, naturally rested upon scenes formerly dear, and ideas which it had been in the habit of indulging with fondness. Of these, Glenthorn was almost constantly the subject of Dan's contemplations; and Susan generally formed the most prominent feature in the picture. We have already seen the impression which her mysterious fate had upon his spirits; and although concurring circumstances had for a little banished the recollection, it now returned in all its original strength; only alleviated by the hope that



the first letters from Glenthorn might bring news of her being returned, or at least some certain accounts concerning her : for this reason, every day added to the pain which arises from “hope deferred.”

Dan's companion, John Brown, observed the depression of his spirits, which indeed was now visible in his countenance. John imagined for some time that the health of his friend was impaired ; but soon discovered that his mind was indisposed ; and with a delicacy seldom to be found in the lower walks of life, Brown endeavoured to divert the melancholy of his companion by innocent gaiety and cheerful conversation, never once hinting that he observed what he was so kindly using his utmost endeavours to remove.

A large packet of letters arrived from Britain ; and many an eye beamed with hope, and many a heart palpitated with anxiety, before they were delivered. Dan and his companion were alone when he received two letters ; one from his brother-in-law, and the other from his friend David

Nicol. With trembling hands, that shewed the agitation of his mind, he examined the superscriptions ; and giving the preference to David's, tore it open, read till nearly at the bottom of the first page, when dropping the letter, he heaved a bitter sigh, as if his heart had been rending, and covering his face with his hands, laid his head on the table, continuing to sob audibly.

After allowing time for the first ebullition of his grief to evaporate, Brown affectionately said—" My dear friend, I can see you have got bad news : I wish no man's secrets ; but as I have been a witness of your sorrow, if the cause can with propriety be communicated, the counsel and sympathy of a most sincere friend may perhaps be the means of affording you some consolation."

" I thank you," cried Dan, in a voice half choked with grief, " but there's nae counsel can be of ony use to me—she's gane—she's lost for ever—Oh ! dear, dear Susie—I'll never see thee mair !"

" You have lost a friend, I find ; I think

you once mentioned being a bachelor—  
May I ask whether this is a sister or a  
sweetheart?”

Dan grasped the hand of his companion,  
and after a violent struggle to overcome  
his emotion, said—“ I once thought that  
nae ane sud ever ken o’ my love—but  
oh, John! I maun lat it out, or my heart  
will burst!—I ha’e but ae sister, an’ I like  
her dearly—yet even her I could ha’e  
parted wi’, rather than it should ever ha’e  
come to this!”

“ It is then your sweetheart who has  
jilted you, and married another.”

“ Oh! had that been a’! altho’ it wad  
ha’e been a sair trial—yet I could ha’e borne  
that, had she been happy—but she’s dead  
—lost an’ nane kens whare!—Oh Susie  
Tait! would that I had died for thee!”

Brown was so much affected by the  
distress of his friend, that his eyes began  
to water, and it was some time before he  
could command himself to say—“ You  
speak of her being lost, and none knows

where; have you advice of her death, or has she only disappeared?"

"She's left her friends, an' canna be found neither in town nor country—she's dead—perished!"

"That does not appear certain; she may have secretly married, and gone to another part of the country."

"Oh na! could I but think that!—but it canna be! an' if ye had ever kent her, ye wad say sae too; for she was pure an' spotless as the dew that hings upo' the birk in a May mornin'—an' mair nor that, they're no in Scotland that she wad ha'e married."

"But I am astonished—why did you leave so lovely a girl? what could induce you to become a soldier? you see I use the liberty of a friend; not I assure you from idle curiosity, but in the hope of discovering some ground of consolation for you."

"Ye'll discover naething against her; for I tell you again, she was innocent as the bairn that lies on its mither's bosom!"

an' if ye dinna want to quarrel wi' me, lat na me hear you mint a cheep against her!" Dan's voice was raised to an angry tone; but after a pause, he took the hand of his friend, and said—"Dear John, excuse my hasty temper—I'm no mysel', an' you never kent Susie Tait, sae I forgi'e you."

"But you have not yet said why you left her?"

"Oh, John, mine's a strange story, an' they're no born that kens't; I aye did for the best, an' I fear I've done sair wrang. Susie was aboon my station, an' ony way o'er good for me. Her cheek blushed like the bright cloud that follows the sun in a simmer gloamin; her een glanced like starns in the siller burn on a frosty night; her smile was softer than the mornin' sky; an' her meltin' voice wad ha'e drawn the laverock frae the lift to hear her. She was straight as a rash; ye mith a spanned her snow white neck wi' your fingers; an' her ilka motion was as light as a burd in the air. Her mind was as



pure as her form was perfect. She had gotten muckle good education, an' could behave hersel', either wi' gentle or simple, equal to ony ane in the parish. But I wad weary you, were I to speak of a' that ilka body saw about her; to tell what I had to thole at my heart, when I lookit in her face, wad be impossible. I could ha'e been weel content to have died for the pleasure of fauldin' her to my bosom! but I was a plain country lad, an' no that sair redd up; I kent weel that I hadna havins like mony o' my nibours; an' was sure that she wad never look at the like o' me: forby that, I had a strong suspicion that her heart was set upon anither, as far aboon her station as she was aboon mine."

"And may she not have married this one now?" said John.

"Na, na; he's left Scotland; an' altho' he hadna, it wad ha'e been a' ane. Niest to hersel', that was the ane whom I lo'ed best aboon the yird! weel were they wordy o' ane anither; an' could I ha'e seen them happy thegither, I maist think I could

hae been sae too for their sakes; but altho' she were alive, that wad never be—he looks anither airt.

“Now to this hour I never told the lassie what was in my heart—I hadna courage; for as I said, I was sure that she wad denied me, an' I couldna ha'e borne that—sae little did she think how dear she was to me.

“I had been the means, in the hand o' Providence, of savin' the life of one o' colonel Melville's dochters, an' he kindly offered me a farm o' fifty acres, at a bra canny rent.—Oh, man! that was a sair struggle, when I thought sae happy as Susie an' me mith live upon't. But I wanted courage to speak o't to her, and couldna think o' livin' without her when I was aye to see her. I had long had a strong friendship for Mr. Melville, our lavetenant, an' ken-in' that he was to be a soger, I had made up my mind to gang wi' him; sae upon these accounts, I refused the kind offer made me by colonel Melville.

“ An’ now, my friend, this is the thing that distresses me — I’m no regretter’ comin wi’ Mr. Melville upo’ my ain account, for he’s weel wordy o’ mair than I can ever do for him; but I have a sair hankrin’ wi mysel’, that if I had only had the courage of a man, an’ told my mind to Susie, in a feekfu’ manner, she, mith maybe been kinder than I expeckit—an’ in that case we wad ha’e been livin’ thegither as happy as the day is lang, and this wadna have happened to her; what could have been her motive’s mair than I can fathom, but I’m sure I’ll never forgi’e mysel’—I may live, but my happiness is fled for ever.”

Brown appeared to sympathize deeply with Dan in his sorrow, which he attempted to sooth, by the consolation that he was innocent, as he had; neither deceived nor deserted her; and there still was a probability of her reappearance; and concluded by advising him in the meantime to think as little upon the subject as possible, employing his mind with the du-

ties of his station and his friendship to Mr. Melville.

“ I believe you are right,” replied Dan; “ but I find that it’s impossible to follow your advice; for I dream about her at night, an’ think o’ little ither thing through the day. Wad ye believe it possible, John, that mony a time when I hear you speakin’, I think it’s the very sound o’ her voice? Oh that I could but hear’t again! Were I but sure that she were weel and happy, I wad thank Heaven, an’ try to be content, although I should never mair be blessed wi’ a sight of her face. Ye’ve never kent what love is, John, an’ it’s happy for you.”

The drum was beating for parade, and the friends closed their confidential interview—Dan having received Brown’s promise never to whisper a syllable of what he had imparted.

It is foreign from our purpose to enter into a narrative of the operations of the hostile armies, in this arduous and protracted contest, except in so far as the fate

of our hero and his friends was concerned. Still attached to the army under general Howe, they continued in New York, nearly as inactive as they had been in Boston; from thence they passed into Philadelphia, where the only part of their duty resembling military warfare, was occasional excursions on foraging parties, in which Charles was often employed, being always fond of exercise, and he was generally accompanied by Dan and Brown; for the former would have imagined himself deficient in duty, if not in a post where he might assist Charles, if necessary; and the latter, either from his intimacy with Dan, or some other more latent cause, seemed equally attached to the fortunes of our hero.

One day in December 1777, they had gone out on an excursion of this kind, when the American army, by a forced march, had approached much nearer to the city than the British either knew or expected! Washington's army had been obliged to construct huts in the woods for



their accommodation, but from these occasional sallies were made for similar purposes as that in which Charles and his little troop were now employed. On the present occasion the two parties met, when after a skirmish of some length, the Americans were defeated, and their commanding officer taken prisoner, after he had slightly wounded Charles in the arm. Brown had also been wounded, a ball having passed through the fleshy part of his leg, and one private was killed in the rencontre, which had detained them till nearly dark. A heavy fall of snow came on—they lost their way, and after wandering till nearly midnight, were glad to approach some huts, where they resolved to take shelter till the morning. As the huts which they occupied contained no inhabitants, the party could find no provisions, and being now faint and hungry, they started early, proceeding to the nearest farm, some miles distant; they found it already occupied by about a dozen of British soldiers, without any officer; and these ma-

raiders were not only plundering, but behaving in the most indelicate manner to the family. At the moment that Charles entered, a fine interesting girl was screaming in the arms of a brutal soldier, while another ruffian held a matron, seemingly her mother, at bay with his fixed bayonet. Our hero drew his sword to cut down the villain who was assaulting the girl, when the fellow instantly dropping upon his knees, entreated for mercy. Charles ordered his men to guard the door; and upon investigation, a few more were found keeping the farmer and his servants in confinement, while the rest were ransacking the house, breaking open cupboards and chests, and bundling up whatever suited them. The whole party were immediately disarmed, and put under arrest. Gratitude that knew no bounds now filled the hearts of this rustic family, as they thronged around their deliverer. Charles now requested that his party might have some victuals, as all were very hungry; which they told him should be immediately furnish-

ed, requesting to conduct him to their parlour; but Charles said he must first bring forward a prisoner who was under his care, and they would then share their hospitality with much pleasure. Our hero went out, and soon returned accompanied by the captive American officer. As they entered the parlour, the girl who had been rescued from the soldier cried in a wild scream—"My brother!"—"My William!"—"My son!" was repeated by the father and mother; and all of the party were so much delighted, that for some minutes none recollected that they were enemies.

"Before I sit down," said Charles, "I must see one of my soldiers, who is wounded." By the care of Dan, Brown had for some time been placed at the kitchen fire; and Charles requested that the landlady would apply such dressings as were at hand, with a bandage, to the poor fellow's leg. This was done with considerable dexterity, the daughter offi-

ciating as an assistant. When they returned to the parlour, the mother affirmed that the wounded man had a face so fine and delicate, that he ought never to have been a soldier, appealing to her daughter whether she did not observe it. The girl, blushing deeply, said she had not looked at his face.

Refreshments were now brought in, while the grateful family related to their son the distress and terror from which they had been relieved by Charles.—“And he was wounded by me yesterday!” said the son.

“We have both only done our duty,” replied Charles; “the ruffians whom I found here shall be punished as they deserve. Although it is perhaps impossible for a commander to suppress every act of licentiousness in an army, yet it is the duty, and I trust the inclination of every British officer on all occasions to preserve order and protect every one not found in arms. The chance of war has made you, sir, my prisoner, but you may rely upon being treat-

ed with respect; while from our meeting here this morning, we shall both, I trust, forget that our acquaintance commenced only yesterday."

"But," cried the mother, "my son said he wounded you; has it been dressed? I hope it is not dangerous."

"Oh, it is a mere scratch," said Charles. It was however now examined, and found to be a slight flesh cut: some dressings were applied; the girl's hand shook as she fastened the bandages, and her cheek assumed a deeper tint; but Charles believed that she was thinking of Brown in the kitchen.

"Alas!" said the old man, "how much is this unnatural warfare to be deplored! justly may we exclaim in the language of the patriarch, 'why should there be strife between us, for we are brethren?'"

"The strife will yet be more arduous, and the contest more keen!" said the prisoner, the fire of freedom sparkling in his eye.

"Your captor has conducted himself so



like a man and a gentleman in private life, that I instantly forget that he is a British officer," said the father.

"I hardly know whether this observation was intended to flatter or to affront me," replied Charles; "for the first I have no relish—and of the last I would not willingly suppose you capable; but be assured that I shall never think myself complimented by any expression derogatory to the character of my brethren in arms!"

"I am sorry, sir," said the father, "that you should have so far misunderstood my meaning, which was perhaps unguardedly expressed. I intended no reflection upon British officers as men, but merely as they are, in their official situation, the enemies of the rights and liberties of America."

"Your explanation is quite satisfactory," replied Charles, "and I regret that the mother country and her colonies should ever have had cause on either side for an appeal to arms; for I look upon it as an

intestine war, where the father may fight against his son, and brother against brother."

"You cannot regret it more than I do," said the venerable old man; "as I have already said, we are brethren. My grandfather was a native of Scotland, where he left brothers and sisters. I have now two sons in arms, who, for aught they know, may meet their relations in the field of death.—Be this as it may, we are almost all descendants of Britons; and I can only regret that the parent country should have acted so unnatural a part towards her children."

"And I," said Charles, "am equally sorry that the children should prove so disobedient, despising all parental authority."

"Be it so, sir; it is perhaps natural at your age to believe as you have been taught, and to think us rebels; for your own sake I hope you will live to change your opinion. At this moment I have too exalted an opinion of Britain to be-

lieve that the nation at large condemns America.—No, sir—it is the ministry; they will see their error when it is too late.”

“And are you really sanguine enough to expect ultimate success in this conflict?” said Charles.

“Beyond a doubt!” said the hoary patriot; “I should despise myself if I thought otherwise! But I might ask you the same question; and whether you expect that a people determined to be free, can be made slaves to a state at three thousand miles distance.”

“Why you want money, arms, and ammunition; I may say almost every thing necessary for vigorous resistance. We will burn your towns, blockade your harbours, and shut you out from all commerce with the world. Your army, if I may judge from the specimen that I saw yesterday, is already in a miserable plight; their privations will multiply daily, and public distress will continue to augment.”

“You have enumerated our wants, but

you forget what we possess: in the first place, we have justice on our side; we are at home—have a country to fight for; freedom, and all that is dear to us as men, to urge us forward; your government has goaded us on till we had no alternative, and we are now enthusiasts in the cause. Although many must unavoidably fall in the contest, it will terminate in our favour; our children feel that they are fighting for their fathers' firesides, and for their own future liberties, and the fathers know that they are engaged in a struggle, the issue of which must determine whether their posterity shall be free men or slaves. You may destroy our towns, ravage our villages, and inflict greater calamities than we have yet anticipated, but you cannot annihilate our country; and the more devastation you commit, the greater will be our detestation of the perpetrators—and our spirit of resentment will rise in proportion. You say we are incapable of vigorous resistance—perhaps it is true; but our minds are steeled to patient endur-

ance, and, like Fabius, we will conquer by delay. We are prepared to meet privations, from which British soldiers, hardy as they are, would shrink aghast, or sink in sickness and listless despondency. Depend upon it, sir, that to whatever period the contest may be protracted, the result will be the independence of America."

"You speak with the confidence of a prophet," said Charles.

"I speak perhaps warmly, but I love my country, and draw my conclusions from deep reflection upon the causes which have been long and progressively promoting the rupture which we are now deploring; I speak also from the spirit which animates the citizens of the United States; and last, although not least, the protection and assistance of Providence in a just cause."

"To what my father has said, I would beg to add one thing," said the prisoner. "You made some remarks upon the wretched appearance of the party which I yesterday had the honour to command;



but your conclusions on the subject are very different from mine. What you observed was comparatively luxury to what our army has endured, and is still suffering; you may perhaps doubt my veracity when I inform you, that for several months past, great part of general Washington's army has been without stockings or shoes, and that during our last march to the position now occupied by the army, its route might literally have been traced upon the frozen road, by the blood which exuded from the naked feet of the soldiers; this is a fact which I and every man in the army saw, and for which I pledge my veracity. Now, do you think that men who can submit to such privations are not in earnest? are not these men whose feeling is freedom or death? I am not, perhaps, the man who should say so—for I am alive and a captive; but my country could have gained nothing, although I had fought to the death yesterday; and I may yet render some service to the cause in

which I am engaged, and fall more gloriously than at the head of a foraging party."

"You are a gallant soldier, sir!" cried Charles.

"And you, I think, are a good man engaged in a bad cause," said the father; "but I beg your pardon; and from what we have this morning seen and experienced of your virtues, I perhaps ought to speak more tenderly of prejudices, which riper years and matured experience only can be expected to eradicate."

"And to where do you carry my son?" said the mother.

"To Philadelphia, ma'am," replied Charles, "where I think his winter quarters will be exchanged for the better."

"Of that I have no doubt, sir; but still he will be a prisoner, and his country deprived of his services," said the mother.

"Thou art worthy of being ranked among the matrons of ancient Rome!" exclaimed Charles.

"And I think hadst thou been prime

minister of Britain, America had yet been at peace," replied the mother.

"Too much compliment on both sides," cried the farmer.

Charles now rose, saying they must depart. The parents had not seen their son for many months before; the present meeting was unexpected, and the parting affectionately tender. They again expressed their thanks for the service which Charles had rendered them, and their happiness, that as their son was a prisoner, he had fallen into such hands.

Charles delicately withdrew to some distance, that his presence might not interrupt the expression of those feelings which are too sacred to be profaned by the eyes or ears of strangers. The prisoner soon joined them, and Charles accompanied him as a companion for the few miles which they had to travel.

"How I regret that you are not one of us, for I think you are one whom I could like to have as a friend!" said Charles.

"And when parting with my parents,"

replied the prisoner, " they looked at you, and exclaimed—' What a pity that so noble-hearted, so generous a man, should wear a British uniform !' But these, sir, are useless regrets. We are destined to opposite sides in the day of battle, and should we ever be opposed to each other with arms in our hands, I trust it will be without enmity in our hearts. You have this morning saved not only my father's house from pillage, but also my sister from pollution, worse than death, and the hearts of her parents from anguish inexpressible. She charged me with the purest and warmest thanks of a grateful heart, for your timely and providential interference. I hold myself your debtor on their account, and while for your own sake I fondly hope that you will never be in want of my kindness, I promise to you, that I shall on every occasion conduct myself with all the humanity in my power, and consistent with my duty, to such royalists as come in any degree within the range of my influence. And now, I still have a

favour to request of you—Although you were pleased to say, that I should make a good exchange of my winter quarters, yet put yourself in my place, think of my friends—my country—the cause in which I am engaged, which involves the fate of millions yet unborn, and say whether you would be content to dose for months ingloriously cooped up in a prison, or your sword arrested in its sheath, by your parole of honour. You anticipate my request—it is merely, that whatever influence you have, may be exerted to get me exchanged for one of equal rank. My brother, captain Wright, will, when informed, be equally grateful for your kindness ; and should the chances of war bring you together, by mentioning your name, I think he will shew that he loves his family, by his attention to their friends.”

Upon arriving at head quarters, the party found that some alarm had been entertained on account of their absence ; lieutenant Wright was delivered up a prisoner of war, and the marauders brought in by



Charles, were tried and punished. But a spirit of licentiousness now prevailed in the army, which lived almost at free quarters, making little distinction between royalists and rebels, among the citizens. The manners and conduct of the privates were marked by brutality, and the habits of too many of the officers were dissolute in the extreme; gambling and every species of sensual indulgence prevailed, by which many were irrecoverably ruined, both in health and fortune.

This laxity of discipline was also productive of bad consequences to those who had avoided contamination, as it cast a general odium on the name of British soldiers, and served to increase the disaffection to the royal cause. A great proportion of the citizens were Quakers, who every one knows are averse from war, and peculiarly distinguished for propriety of moral conduct. By the depravity which prevailed, these peaceful people were not only shocked by gross violations of all decorum, but their property was plundered,

and their families exposed to the seduction of vicious example, or the licentious attacks of open violence.

It is only when beset by temptation that virtue becomes conspicuous ; and Charles had now the merit of withstanding every seductive art by which he was assailed, of which, perhaps, not the least was the attack made upon his feelings by the raillery of his companions, in that

---

“dread laugh  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.”

But even this he defied, and remained uninfected amidst the general contagion, with hardly an associate except ensign Sinclair, and his fast and dear friend, colonel Melville.

Dan had hitherto preserved the purity of his principles, and they were still further fortified by the example and admonitions of his youthful friend and companion Brown. In a letter which Dan sent to Glenthorn about this time, he com-

pared Philadelphia to Sodom and Gomorrah, saying, that Heaven could never be expected to prosper a cause committed to the hands of such men.

A large supply of poultry, butter, and eggs, was sent weekly from lieutenant Wright's parents while he remained a prisoner, not only adequate to his own consumption, but to an extent which added to the comfort of Charles and a few friends; and even after the lieutenant's exchange, this tribute of gratitude was continued while Charles remained in Philadelphia. His wounded arm was soon healed, and Brown was also in a short time again fit for duty.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The dreadful business of the day is over ;  
 And Slaughter, that from yester morn till even,  
 With giant steps passed striding o'er the field,  
 Besmeared and horrid with the blood of nations,  
 Now weary, sits among the mangled heaps,  
 And slumbers o'er her prey. ROWE.

*One good Turn deserves another.*

IN the summer of 1778, sir Henry Clinton, who had succeeded lord Howe in the command, evacuated Philadelphia, retreating upon New York, and was much harassed by Washington in his march.

At Monmouth, an action took place, in which the opposing armies were headed by their respective commanders. The celebrated La Fayette led on the advanced corps of the American army ; but general

Lee wishing to have the command, was sent forward with instructions to commence the attack, while the main army approached to support him. Lee, instead of attacking, was met by Washington in a retrograde movement; angry words passed, and he was afterwards tried by a court martial. On this occasion it is said, that Lee seeing a dog in the court, exclaimed—"Oh that I were that animal, that I might not have to call man my brother!"

The action commenced by a brisk cannonade of artillery, and soon after a heavy firing began between the advanced troops, who approached till they mingled with each other: colonel Melville was wounded, had fallen, and would have been trodden down, had not ensign Sinclair and Dan, at the imminent hazard of their lives, borne him from the field.

It was only during the heat of this action that Dan was ever heard to swear. As he was returning from the rear, to regain his post, he had to pass a Highland regiment, which in his opinion, seemed



rather inactive ; even the piper had paused for a moment's breath ; when Dan giving him a hearty slap between the shoulders, exclaimed—" Bla', ye doafart ! devil confound ye ! wharefore dinna ye bla' wi' a' your might ? "

Charles also was wounded, while leading on his division, a ball having passed through his left arm ; while an American serjeant had his sword raised to finish our hero's mortal career, when Brown rushing forward, transfixing the rebel with his bayonet.

The action was long and warmly contested, and the British were at last compelled to give ground. Night prevented Washington from reaping all the advantage which he had anticipated from this action ; but expecting to renew it in the morning, he reposed under a tree during the night. In this he was however disappointed ; for the British, although watched, effected their retreat in the dark, leaving behind them some officers and

privates, so desperately wounded that they could not be removed.

Among the privates thus left, was one to whom Dan thought himself indebted, for having on a former occasion saved his life. He therefore formed the desperate resolution of carrying him off. After much patient exertion, he succeeded in binding his wounds, and getting him in a state to bear motion ; but the poor man was so exhausted and faint from the loss of blood, that he could not keep hold upon Dan's back, and there was none to assist in fixing him, for the troops had all moved forward.

This generous and grateful soldier took the wounded man in his arms, proceeding slowly with his burden : twice had he been obliged to stop ; for the poor creature had fainted, and by the application of a little water had been recovered. Again Dan was under the necessity of halting, for the man seemed now to be dying. Day appeared, and a small party of the enemy approaching by a cross road, came

up with Dan as he was stooping over the wounded soldier.

“ You are my prisoners !” said the commanding officer.

“ I may be so,” replied Dan, “ but I fear my companion will soon yield to a greater conqueror, even Death.”

“ How came he to be wounded here ? there was no action on this spot.”

“ It was in the battle of yesterday, sir, that he was thus mangled.”

“ And why was he not taken away when your army retreated ?”

“ Bless your honour, he couldna bear to be jumbled on a cart.”

“ How came he here then ?”

“ I carried him, an’ please your honour.”

“ But you are not wounded—why were you left behind ?”

“ I wasna left, sir, I just took an opportunity of slippin’ aside in hopes of being able to save this poor creature.”

“ He is your brother, I presume ?”

“ Na, sir, I never spak’ to him till twa or three owks syne ; but he saved my life,

an' I cudna think o' leavin' him to perish."

"Well, but you will be obliged to do so still; for you must accompany us."

"An' could ye ha'e the heart, sir, to leave the poor man here alane?"

"Why, what would you have me to do?"

"*He never did a good darg wha wint grumblin' to work, sir; but lat some o' your men fasten the poor chiel upo' my back, so that he canna fa'; an' seein' it's the will o' Providence, I'se gang wi' you, although I'm laith to be sindered frae my maister, wha had never mair need o' my service; for he's wounded too.*"

At this moment the officer and Dan happened to look each other full in the face, and the light of the morning being farther advanced, Dan, with a glow of hope kindling on his cheek, said—"I think I've had the honour o' bein' in your company afore now, sir."

"And your face is familiar to me, although I cannot recollect your name."

"D' ye ken lieutenant Melville, sir?"

“ Oh, my old friend Dan!—you are still Mr. Melville’s servant, I presume ?”

“ Od, sir, I was that yestreen, but I’m now your prisoner.”

“ Did you not say that your master is wounded ?”

“ Oh ay, sir ; an’ if I had keepit by him, I wadna come in your claws ; but I did what my heart said was a duty.—I care na for mysel’, but I’m sair concerned for Mr. Melville—it’s only in the day of his distress that he has maist need o’ my services.”

The officer pausing, said—“ I was Mr. Melville’s prisoner—he saved my father’s family. Your heart, Dan, seems akin to your master’s ; you have fallen into my hands, by performing an uncommon act of gratitude and humanity—I believe I must release you. Return to Mr. Melville, make my compliments, and relate what has now happened.”

“ I thank you, sir, baith for my maister an’ mysel’—but this poor man—what’s to come o’ him ? for I find that I canna tak’



him wi' me; I couldna venture wi' him alane."

"Why, Dan, I do not think that he can recover; but for your sake and your master's, I promise that he shall be removed to our quarters, and have every attention paid to his situation."

"I thank your honour; and if ever the poor man get aboon this, he'll thank you too; *ye kenna whare a blessin' may light.*"

"Now," said lieutenant Wright, "you must push forward; I do not think there is much danger; but if you should be again stopped or turned back, contrive to let me know, and I will endeavour to obtain your release."

Dan pursued his journey, and joined the army unmolested. His first care was to inquire for his master, whom he found ill from the pain of his wound and the fatigue he had undergone. Colonel Melville was in a still worse state; his wounds were considered as dangerous, and there appeared strong symptoms of fever.

Charles, in his apprehensions for colonel Melville, suffered more than from the pain produced by his own wound. As some alleviation to what he was now feeling, he received a letter from Glenthorn, informing him that his friends were all in good health, and with kind remembrances from all the family at Beechwood.

The army was now established at New York, and the promotion of Charles to the rank of captain followed soon after. He had also the pleasure of seeing his friend Sinclair advanced to that of lieutenant. Ever since the untimely death of captain Gordon, the intimacy between Charles and this officer had continued to increase. Most young people seek for some congenial mind, that will participate in their pleasures and sympathize in their sorrows. Charles required no conviction that colonel Melville was his steady friend, in whom he might at all times confide; but their disparity in rank and years still kept Charles at a respectful distance; hence he

could not find in this highly esteemed friend the easy intimate associate with whom the mind insensibly unbends itself. Captain Gordon had been this companion, and the blank left by his death had been gradually filling up by ensign, now lieutenant Sinclair. Now that Charles was confined by his wound, this friend endeavoured to amuse him, by spending his leisure hours with the invalid. On these occasions they would talk of the past, and conjecture concerning the future—Sinclair's only hopes of happiness resting upon the time when he should again meet his Eliza, with their son and daughter; yet at times a gloom would cloud his brow, and he would scarcely be able to restrain his tears.

One evening, when seated beside Charles, he appeared lost in thought and much dejected; his friend used every effort to rouse his spirits, but in vain; at length Sinclair, seizing the hand of Charles, said—"Oh, my dear sir, is it not dreadful for a child to wish the death of a parent? yet such is my

hapless situation. There is a presentiment upon my mind which I cannot shake off—that my father will yet cause me more sorrow, and that while he lives he will continue to interrupt my happiness. You, my friend, have never mentioned your parents to me; surely you have not, like me, to shrink from the recollection of a father, and weep in secret for the injuries of a mother!”

Little was Sinclair aware what emotions this exclamation was to awaken in the bosom of his friend. The feelings of Charles were now allayed only by confiding to Sinclair the mystery in which his birth was veiled.

After this disclosure was made, Charles talked of his hopes and fears, mentioned his belief of having seen his mother, and concluded by saying that from some strange events which happened to him in Liverpool, he was convinced there was a gentleman there who knew the mystery of his birth, and was deeply interested in keeping it secret. After some further conversation on the subject, Charles in-

quired if Sinclair recollected his being missing on the morning of the intended embarkation? to which his friend replying in the affirmative—"That," said Charles, "was a trick of the gentleman's whom I have mentioned; he got me decoyed on board a vessel under sail for Africa, where you may guess what fortune was intended for me."

"And you term him a gentleman—I affirm he is a villain!" cried Sinclair with energy.

"He ranked and associated with gentlemen," said Charles.

"May I inquire his name?"

"That I believe is only known to colonel Melville and major Colville, but to you I may confide it—Mr. Graham, of Savannah."

Sinclair shuddered—the muscles of his face were distorted—and after a pause he exclaimed—"Monster! why can Providence permit such wickedness?" It was some time before the lieutenant made any further observation; at length he said—"I find that others have their sorrows,



which they feel perhaps as deeply as I do mine. Let us endeavour to comfort each other," and dropping the subject, they parted for the night.

The relaxation which the army experienced in New York leaving Dan some leisure hours, he wrote the following letter to his sister :

---

" DEAR SISTER,

" I writ these few lines to show that I have not forgot you, and hoping they will find you in as good health as they leave me, and your husband and the rest of your family, which I hope is enlarged since I left the country, of which send me a partikelar account as soon as you can, for as it is not proveable that I shall be a father, I shall be glad that you make me an unkle to half a score of youngsters.

" Oh, my dear sister, my heart has gotten a sad stroke; I did not think that all the young women in the world could have cost me so much grief; but to be sure there

was not another Susan Tait, nor will never be, at least to me. Is there never no word of her yet? but no, she must be dead, and I wish that I had died with her; it would have been some comfort to have been lying beside her in the grave. But, dear sister, writ me all about it, and what folk thinks and what they say about such a mystery affair, for I dream about her night and day. I have a comrad here who trys to comfort me, but my heart refuses to be comforted, for I am not satisfied for leaving her, and think if I had been at Glenthorn, this might not happened; but I'm o'er true a Scotsman, *wise behind the hand, and steekin the stable door when the steed's stown*. And yet I do not know—Providence is wiser than me, and I would have been sorrow that captain Melville (for he is a captain now, lass) should have been here and me not with him, partikularly as I have been made the humble but honoured means of being useful to him oftener than ans; and I bliss and prays my Maker for it, for he is a good

and kind gentleman, and as free and frank to me as ever he was at Glenthorn. But, poor man, he has gotten a skelp in the bygaing, being wounded in the last battle in the arm; but he is near well agen, so you must not have na word of it at Glenthorn; for if Mrs. Angus heard of it, she would break her heart; but gang there when you get this, and say that he is well, which I hope he will be by that time; and be sure not to forget to mind to tell them that he is a captain. I hope to live and see him a general yet; for him and you, my dear sister, is now all that I have to care for in the world, or at least that I can consider myself conekit with, except your John, and your bairns—you understand me.

“ Oh, sister, if you were in the sett of war, you would thank Heaven, night and morning, for the peas that you have in your land. The first battel that I was in, there was a town near as big as Shutteldel brunt to ashes; great and small, young and old, without a hol to put

their head in, or a rag to cover them, and many moresince that time, creeping infants, and blind and cripple old edge, all brunt out of house and hold, as ever ye saw the tod smeekeit out of his hol; and all these were folks that had nothing ado with fighten; the very mithers wandering with their suckin bairns, without house or hame; indeed, sister, my heart was like to break for them, altho' before that I had been what you might call kes-hardend; for my nibours had faln on ilka side of me, just as the <sup>we</sup>beonwands used to fall before my syth when cutting hey. Oh, dear sister, it was a hard tryal for me to set my feet upon a dead man, and still harder to tramp upon the woundit; but their was no remead, for I had to march forward; I tryed to step over them when I could, but one poor fello in the agonys of death grippet my legs—I had not never known what fear was, with all the roaring of cannons, whisling of balls, and glancing of bigonets, I stood them all—but the grip of this poor man amaist put away

my heart. We rushed in, my maister and captain Gordon mounted the wals of a battery, John Brown and me followed. My maister was wagging the colors above the captain's head, when a shot laid him dead at his feet. It was a hard brush after that, but I've seen so many now, that I think nothing about it.

“The yankeys says that they are fighting for liberty ; but we call them rebels. I ken littel about the matter, but it's clear that right or wrang, they are in good earnest ; and I fear it will no be an easy job to get the better of them. They say, *they wad need a lang spoon that sups wi' the diel*, and that wad need to be the kes hear. What would you think of an army coming thro' frost and sna, an' half of them without either hose or shoe on their feet, and fighting like tygers after all that ! By my sooth, sister, it willna be bairns-play to conjure chaps with so much metal in their minds and pith in their shanks. They say too that Washington, their commander-in-chief, is a long-headed chap ;



and more than that, they've now gotten the French to help them, but I've aye heard them called a light-headed set, a queer kind of gentry, not to be mutch trusted; but I hop we will give them a peppering if ans we were out hear, and my maister and colonel Melville both well again, for he was wounded too, and if it had not been for a lucky providence, he would have been trampit to death. But for your life lat not on a cheep of this, so as it may come to Beetchwood, to fright the leddys; she is a fine frank lassie, Louisy, although I ken wha thinks more of Emmy; but see that you never say not a word about this nether, altho' I hop to see them both happy together yet.

“ Dear sister, this is a fine country, the more's the pity that it should be destroyed; they have apples, pears, and peeches, as plenty as you have potatos; but I've been but littel in the country, so cannot descryve it right to you. They have here all the religons that you ken, and some that you never hard of. There's

a great many Quakers; that's a new name to you, I suppose; I ken littel about there principals, and it wadna be easy getting a noledge of them; for I went on Sunday to their kirk (they call it a meeting-house); I sat more than three quarters of an hour, but they a' continued to sit as dumb as if they had been born so; I would very fain have seen the end of it, but the drum began to rattle for the roll-call, and I was obliged to leave them; yet they surely have good principals—for you ken, sister, we judge of a tree by its fruits; now the Quakers are against all wars and fighting of all kinds—they neither curse, nor swear, nor ly, nor gang to law—and they are kind-hearted and charitable; is not that being good Christians?

“ Dear sister, I hop you and your husband are all happy; do all in your power to make him comfortabel, and you will find that the best and shortest rod to your own happyness; but if ans him and you begin to draw the cat harrows, Love

will loup out at the window, and if he ans leave you, all your art will never wyle him back.

“ This will be a lang and sore struggle, and they’re wise that wats how it will end ; and although I’ve escaped yet by the care of Providence, still I may count upon death before the game be finished. Yet I would be sorrow to leave captain Melville here, and as sorrow that he should leave me a soger ; for I have no notion of the trade, altho’ for his sake and my own honour, I’ll do my duty. Yet after all, it may be the will of Heaven that we come home again together, and in that kes, I’ll see you ans more. In the mean time, altho’ I hop that you are in a comfortabel way for the meens of life, yet if you need it, call upon Mr. Angus, and get what you want, as long as my trifle lasts. I may never come back, and if I do, captain Melville will never see me want, and you know I will have nobody but you to care about.

“ Yet, my dear sister, should it be pos-

sibel that Susie Tait is agen casten up, oh see her, and comfort her if she be down-hearted; and as you value a brother's blessing, never let her want what you can bestow.

“ When I look over this letter, I find mutch that nobody ought to see but yourself; therfor you must not upon no account let Mrs. Angus see it; I would bid you burn it, but it is maybe the last you will ever get from me, and on that skor you may like to keep it.

“ Give my kind love and respects to your husband, Mr. and Mrs. Angus, David Nicol, and all inquiring friends. I expeck a long letter from you soon; tell me how many children you have, and all the news to comfort me in this strange land; and partikelarly what is nearest my heart, about Susie Tait. No more at present, but remains,

“ DEAR SISTER,

“ Your kind loving brother,

“ DAN NORVAL.

## CHAPTER IX.

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,  
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.  
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,  
 Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it !) shouldst thou bleed,  
 To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,  
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair.  
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer  
 Entreat the gods to keep thee in their care.      PRIOR.

*Mysterious Sympathy, and unexpected Misfortune.*

IN the campaign of 1780, our hero accompanied sir Henry Clinton into South Carolina, and assisted at the capture of Charlestown. After this victory, he continued attached to the Southern army, in which, in March 1781, he fought under lord Cornwallis, who was opposed by general Green, in the battle of Guildford, a severe and well-contested action, in which the Americans were repulsed; but the royalists had suffered such loss as prevented



them from following up their victory; indeed, they were exhausted with fatigue and inanition, having no provisions till four in the afternoon of the following day, and even then only four ounces of flour, and the like quantity of lean beef, per man. The night after the action was dismally dark, and the rain falling in torrents. Many had been severely wounded, and it was impracticable to remove them till morning; their lamentable cries during the night are said to have been most dreadful and appalling to the stoutest hearted in the army; and when morning dawned, it was found that not fewer than fifty had died of their wounds.

Colonel Melville's regiment was in the hottest of the engagement, and had for a considerable time opposed bayonet to bayonet with the enemy. By a movement on the part of the Americans, the flank of the regiment was thrown into disorder, and captain Melville and his friends were for a short time surrounded by the enemy; a bayonet was pointed at his breast,

when the timely interposition of either Brown or Dan (for both were engaged) turned aside the deadly weapon so far that it only passed among the ribs. Captain Melville instantly fell; a phalanx of bayonets was formed over him, which repelled the most desperate attacks of the enemy, till the corps coming up, supported these brave fellows, when Charles was borne insensible from the field.

In the muster subsequent to the action Dan was missing, and as he had not been discovered among the dead, it was hoped he was only a prisoner, although his absence was peculiarly unfortunate, when his attendance would have been of so much value to Charles.

Colonel Melville took the earliest opportunity of visiting his friend, who had now recovered his senses, but exhibited strong symptoms of fever. He was attended by Brown, who shewed so much tenderness and address in the discharge of this duty, that colonel Melville requested him to take Dan's place during his ab-

sence, unless captain Melville could point out any other whose services would be more agreeable to him.

Charles replied, that Brown he believed had been the means of saving him from death on the field, and that since then his attentions and skill had been far more than were to be expected from a soldier, and he should consider his continuing in attendance as a favour.

Brown appeared deeply affected with this approbation from his captain; and said that no exertion on his part should be wanting to contribute to the present comfort, and promote the recovery of captain Melville.

The colonel was highly pleased with the zeal and attachment exhibited by this young soldier; to whom he said—"I am indeed delighted to find that my friend will be so carefully attended; continue your diligence, and be assured that I shall consider your attentions to captain Melville as favours to me, which shall not pass unrewarded."

Brown's heart seemed to be full, and he merely said—"Colonel Melville may rely that I shall do my duty."

Private lodgings were provided for Charles, and every possible attention paid to him by the surgeon; notwithstanding of which, he was soon in a high fever, accompanied by delirium, and it was found unsafe to leave him for a moment alone. In this state nothing could exceed the assiduity of Brown, in the arduous task which he had undertaken; it was impossible that he could have been more interested, or evinced greater feeling and tenderness of heart for a brother or a father; while the facility and gentleness with which the nameless attentions to his patient were discharged, resembled those of a delicate female rather than a raw unpollished soldier. A very few hours' sleep once a-day was all the relaxation which he could be prevailed upon to take; when returning to his post, he sat in silence by the couch of the frantic sufferer, his eye

watching every motion and endeavouring to anticipate every want.

In his delirium, the imagination of Charles had recurred to early scenes, and these associated in his mind with many images still dear to his heart. He talked to Mr. and Mrs. Angus, spoke of finding his mother, held conversations with James Roy, but much oftener raved about Emma Melville, saying that he had snatched her from the flames, and all the powers on earth should not tear her from him—and then he would pull the miniature from his bosom, holding it up to gaze on it, then smile and press it to his lips. Upon one occasion he cried—“Fergus! villain! what have you done with Susan Tait?—I saved her life—I preserved her from dishonour—I promised to be her guardian angel; she was fair and spotless, and I would not for a world have injured her innocence; shall she then fall a prey to thee?—No, monster! although I should pursue thee to the grave, she shall be saved!”



Although Brown had known all the characters and incidents to which Charles alluded in his ravings, he could not have been more affected with these wild reveries of his patient. He would sit and shed bitter tears; and often when the invalid was asleep, would bend over him in secret sorrow. One day Charles had been more than usually talkative in his delirium, calling upon Emma to come and take her last farewell — and then complaining that she had never come to visit him — “I once died already,” said he, “and was recalled to life by the tears of a woman — no, they were those of an angel that fell upon my cheek; she too is gone — she has deserted me — oh, I hope she does not weep for herself! — Even Dan, my faithful friend, has forsaken me!”

Brown had leaned over Charles for the purpose of smoothing his pillow; some tears, elicited by the foregoing exclamations, fell upon the cheek of the invalid, who immediately raising his head, cried — “Is the angel here? — sure I felt her tears!”

He cast his eye wildly over the apartment, and seeing only Brown, lay down apparently much disappointed; and soon after dropped into a slumber, during which he was visited by the surgeon and colonel Melville. They entered softly, and found Brown in tears, of which he seemed ashamed; but being unable to conceal, he attempted to excuse them, by saying that captain Melville had been more than usually ill, and had just now sunk asleep.

When they departed, colonel Melville asked the surgeon whether he had observed Brown in tears on their entrance?

“I did,” replied the surgeon; “and found him in the same situation once before—which, I must acknowledge, surprises me much, it being at least very uncommon for a soldier; but this is a delicate young man, and I should conceive not well adapted for his trade.”

“And yet,” replied the colonel, “he has exhibited unshaken courage, and much prudence in danger; and both captain Melville and I have been indebted to his

heroism for our liberties, if not for our lives."

"That is astonishing! do you know any thing of his history?"

"Nothing; he enlisted at Liverpool; his gallant conduct in an action here prompted me to make him a corporal; but although he was assured that it was only a step to further and rapid promotion, he declined acceptance, and preferred remaining a private."

"You may depend upon it, colonel, there is something peculiar in this man's history; have you no means of discovering it?"

"None, except from himself, and there is a something of dignity in his air and manner that represses every thing bearing the appearance of impertinent curiosity; however, I now feel so much interest concerning him, that I believe I shall make the attempt."

Colonel Melville took an early opportunity of seeing Brown, under pretence of inquiring concerning Charles, and after

some circumlocution, said — “ I think, Brown, it was once proposed to promote you, and that it was declined on your part ? ”

“ It was, your honour.”

“ Are you still of the same opinion ? I think very highly of you, and am also under no slight personal obligation to you ; I think my influence could make you a commissioned officer ; you are a young man, and might rise high in the army.”

“ I cannot express my thanks, colonel, nor speak what I feel ; but I have no ambition for military rank ; and while I trust that you shall never have occasion to blame me for neglect of duty, it is my wish to continue a private soldier.”

“ You are a most extraordinary young man, and I must acknowledge have excited in me a wish to know something of your history—not, I assure you, from idle curiosity, but from the strong inclination which I have to be your friend, if you would put it in my power.”

“ I shall ever be proud of colonel Mel-

ville's approbation; and his friendship is not the less esteemed, although circumstances prevent me from availing myself of it at present; a time may come when it may be of incalculable value to me. Should we ever return to Britain, it is probable that colonel Melville will know me better; but should it be my lot to fall here, I wish my name and history, like myself, to be buried in oblivion."

While Brown spoke thus, although he endeavoured to appear calm, it was evident that his mind was labouring with strong emotions, and the colonel's curiosity was still farther excited; but as what Brown had said precluded any thing more upon the subject, colonel Melville could only assure him of his friendship, requesting him to apply with confidence at any time when he found it necessary.

The delirium of our hero subsided; his fever abated; and in a short time he was pronounced out of all danger. Although highly gratified by the attentions of Brown, and the tender delicacy with



which they were performed, still the uncertainty in which the fate of his faithful Dan was obscured, hung heavily upon his mind, and even retarded his recovery. He was again able to be up for a considerable part of the day, and his convalescence, although not rapid, continued gradual, when he received the following letter from his friend George Lindsay:—

---

“DEAR CHARLES,

“For a long while past I have been vainly racking my brains, endeavouring to form conjectures for the cause of your silence. I had fancied you a prisoner to the invincible Washington (for such you will ultimately find him), or, what was still worse, a captive among the Chickasaws or Cherokees, where your only chance of freedom was attaching yourself to a copper-nosed squaw; but knowing a little of your taste in female beauty, this association appeared very problematical.

At other times, I began to be afraid that you had in good earnest ‘shuffled off this mortal coil.’ Such were some of the many apprehensions which I entertained concerning you; when lo! the mystery was unfolded—for you are now captain Melville, and it would be stooping from your dignity to correspond with a poor fellow, who has no other adjunct than the hackneyed and ambiguous epithet of *Mr.* appended to his name.

“But raillery apart; most sincerely do I congratulate you, my dear friend, upon this promotion; and for your sake, I should have no objection to the continuance of the war till you are a colonel; however, the present, although it should be the precursor of nothing better, is not amiss—it ensures your respectability in your present situation; and when ‘Othello’s occupation’s gone,’ it will still afford the means of living, and be a title of distinction among the belles and beaux of Shuttle-dale.

“I have scarcely any news to write; our

trade is almost ruined; the surrender of Burgoyne reduced our Osnaburgs thirty per cent.; many manufacturers and merchants have not yet recovered the sudden stagnation, and some never will. However individuals may be interested in the continuance of the war, I am satisfied that peace would be a national blessing; and perhaps your interest may lie on that side too, although it no doubt appears paradoxical—yet, if I am not much mistaken, there is a little tight citadel, not an hundred miles from Beechwood, of which the possession would give you greater pleasure than the subjugation of America. Now let me whisper to you, that this said citadel is most closely besieged by a gallant and redoubtable knight, ycleped sir Archibald Gandersfield. Common fame says, that a treaty is negociating, and you know that negociation is often the precursor of surrender. Such is what I have heard, and to drop the metaphor, I shall now mention what fell under my own observation.

“An assembly was lately held here, given by the country gentlemen, to which a few of the Shuttledale citizens had the superlative honour of being admitted, and I, *ex officio*, among the number. Sir Archibald was certainly most assiduous in his attentions to a certain blue-eyed lady of your acquaintance; and I was no less attentive in observing his reception; from which I without hesitation concluded, that he had created no interest in her heart; she chatted, laughed, and danced with him, with the same indifference as with any other of the company; but I remarked that twice when he endeavoured to enter into a *tête-à-tête* conversation, she turned to her next neighbour, to talk upon most trivial subjects; but you know, that opportunity and perseverance will surmount many obstacles, and the baronet's attentions are, I am told, still unre-mitted. Therefore, although you cannot appear personally, you should, in my opinion, contrive to get a communication

thrown into the garrison without delay ; but you know best—*verb. sap.*

“ After this news, I presume you will be careless about hearing that Miss Mary Nettleton has married her grandfather, according to years, for the sake of a good jointure ; and the lovely, laughing, fair Miss Smirk, has eloped with her father’s shopman, because he was the handsomest young man in Shuttledale, and could flatter with address. I have heard lately of your old friend Ned Fergus. He is in the West Indies, and has had an affair of honour, although, to do him justice, I believe not of his seeking ; he was insulted grossly, resented it with spirit, and it is said conducted himself in the whole affair like a soldier and a gentleman. He was severely wounded ; and there was considerable danger that the name and honours of Dubby Moss would become extinct ; however, it is said that he is recovered, and that even in that tropical climate, his head evinces more coolness than it did in this northern region.



“ I wish this were all the news that I have to write ; but there is a circumstance which has happened to your friends at Glenthorn, which although you will be grieved to hear, still I am sure you would blame me for concealing. You are aware that Mr. David Angus had a brother in Glasgow, a West India merchant ; this man’s affairs have for some time been embarrassed ; and by artful representations, he has contrived to get his brother deeply engaged in his speculations.

“ He is now a bankrupt ; and report says, that David Angus will be ruined. Every one feels much for him, and his cheerful kind-hearted Ellen ; and it is generally regretted that his friend and landlord is absent.

“ It is obvious from his appearance that he is deeply involved ; yet he bears it with surprising equanimity. Mrs. Angus is still in good spirits, and exercising herself as usual, in feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked. When I can learn particulars, they shall be communicated to

you. I have said nothing of myself, having nothing to relate, except that I am in good health (as I trust this will find you), business neighbour like; and that I am still living in a 'state of single blessedness.' Write soon, and believe me always,

" DEAR CHARLES,

" Yours sincerely,

" GEO. LINDSAY."

---

Far greater was now the mental than the bodily pain of Charles. He sat gazing upon the miniature of Emma, while his brain seemed to whirl, and all appeared vacancy around him. Roused from his hallucination, his thoughts reverted to his friends at Glenthorn, and in his concern for them, Emma with all her loveliness was forgotten. Colonel Melville, whose advice he now earnestly wished, was absent, and the time of his return uncertain. A vessel was just about to sail for Britain; our hero therefore, obeying the first im-

pulse of his feelings, with a trembling and feeble hand, wrote the following letter to Mr. Angus.

---

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“In this remote region, separated by unfathomable waters from all that are dearest to me upon earth, few nights or days have passed, in which you and my dear mother have not occupied my thoughts, and prayers for your health and happiness been among the most sincere emanations of my heart. Alas ! little did I anticipate what a letter just now received communicates—that you are ruined ! fondly would I hope, and earnestly do I pray, that the report may be exaggerated ; but this it will be long before I can ascertain, and every hour will pass in restless anxiety. Had I the means, my sympathy should be proved by deeds. You recollect the instructions which I gave you at parting, concerning the trifle which you have per-

sisted in calling mine. If you have not already applied it to your necessities, I beg—I insist, as you value my happiness and future friendship, that you do so immediately, in whatever way your own judgment dictates, as most for the benefit of you and my beloved mother. If things are as bad as they have been represented to me, perhaps the best way would be, to reserve it till you have settled with your creditors, when it might serve as a small capital upon which to begin anew ; but exercise your own discretion, only I insist, that you avail yourself of what, for your sake, I much regret is not of greater extent.

“Colonel Melville is unfortunately absent, and I fear will not return in time to write you by this conveyance ; but there is no doubt of your being still able to retain the farm, and also of his readiness to assist you. Take an early opportunity of informing his family that he is in good health.

“ I rely upon your good sense, not only

for preventing this disappointment from having an improper influence upon your own mind, but also for soothing and cherishing the spirits of your partner. To promote the happiness of each other, has long been the constant study of both ; this is still in your power ; you are not yet left defenceless, and at the worst will have the means of living with comfort and respectability.

“ I was some time ago wounded in an action, and this is the first time that I have put pen to paper since ; but all danger is past, and I am now recovering fast. This, and my want of time, will I hope be accepted as an apology for not writing to my dear mother. I think she knows my heart, and how I must feel on the present occasion. Write to me immediately upon receipt of this, with particulars of your situation.

“ I shall look with constant anxiety for your letter, to relieve my mind from its present uncertainty. Colonel Melville I



am sure will write you, the very first opportunity; meantime, believe me ever,

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ Yours most affectionately,

“ CHARLES MELVILLE.”



The colonel arrived sooner than was expected; and Charles lost not a moment in communicating to him the disastrous situation in which his friend was placed. The vessel was to sail almost immediately, and the colonel had just time to write as follows.



“ DEAR SIR,

“ I have this moment heard from captain Melville, with most sincere regret, that you are involved in sudden and unexpected misfortune; but of the particulars and extent we are both ignorant. I feel much for you and Mrs. Angus on this

occasion ; and being most fully satisfied of the rectitude of your conduct, and having no reason to call your prudence in question, it is my duty, as well as my inclination, to prove myself your friend. While, for your sake, I indulge the hope that your affairs are in a less calamitous state than they have been represented, and as local distance prevents our ascertaining facts in due time, it becomes me therefore to act as if they were desperate ; and having no time to write with that delicacy which I could wish, you will have the goodness to attribute the brevity of this to my anxiety to serve you.

“ It is fortunate that your lease is so nearly expired, that your creditors will not think it worth while of bringing to sale ; I shall not grant you another till your affairs are settled, when you may rely upon its being renewed on favourable terms ; and as my life is exposed to the hazards of war, I shall lose no time in sending home instructions to that effect. In the event of your creditors taking pos-

session of your farm-stocking, &c., I enclose two letters ; one to my banker, requesting him to secure <sup>some</sup> for you, either by valuation, or public sale, as shall be found most eligible. The other to my man of business, desiring him to consider your interest and mine as mutual, and to act accordingly ; assisting you with his best advice on all occasions. All this is due to you from me on your own account ; but although I had known you more imperfectly, perhaps I should not have done less to relieve the feelings of our *protégé*, captain Melville, who rises in my estimation every day. He was lately wounded, but is now quite out of danger, and recovering rapidly. Remember me kindly to my friend, Mrs. Angus ; and tell her, that this slippery trick of fortune must not cool her philanthropy ; although you have been deceived, it has not been by the objects of her benevolence ; and I trust Glenthorn will still afford a supper and shelter to the helpless stranger.

“ Requesting you always to rely upon

my friendship, and to take the earliest opportunity of writing me a state of your affairs, I always am,

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ G. MELVILLE.”

END OF VOL. III.

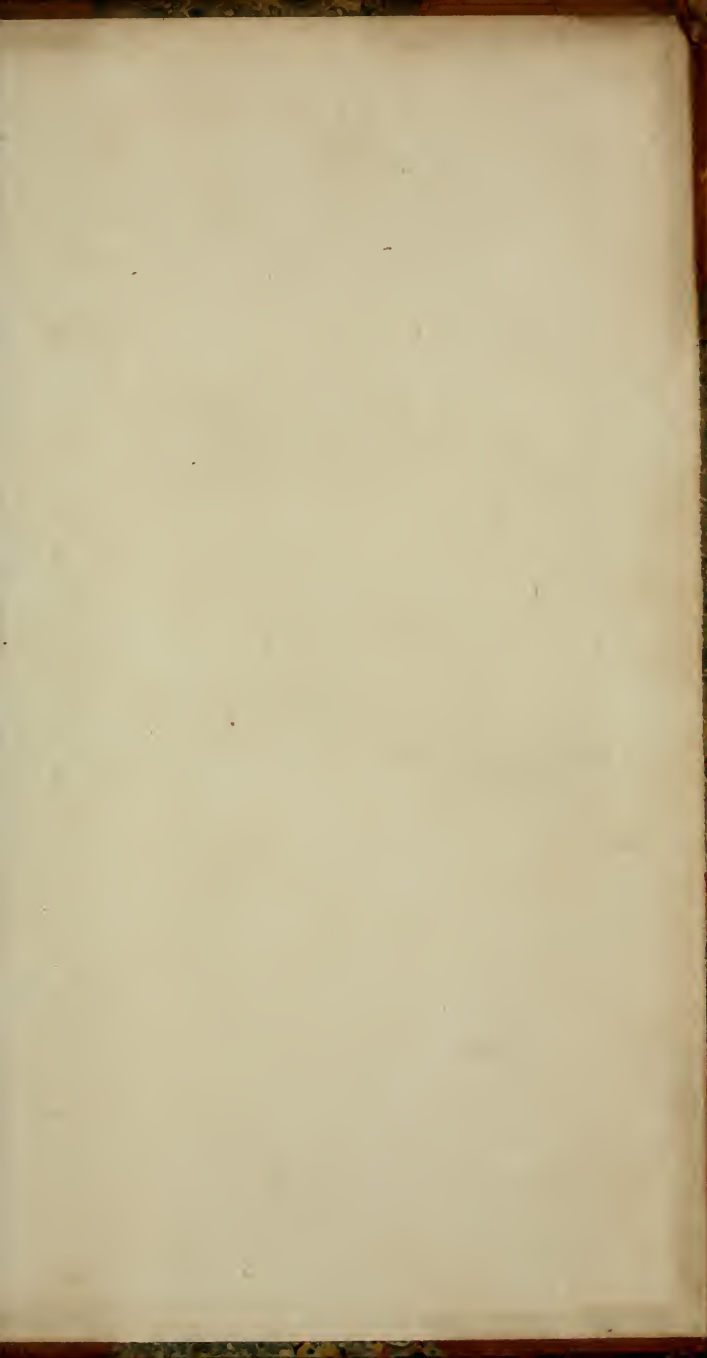












UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 040256171